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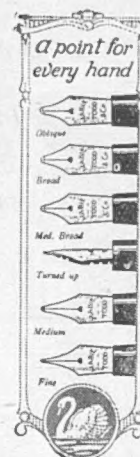
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THE SKETCH



No. 1469.—Vol. CXIII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1921.

ONE SHILLING.



IN CELESTIAL MOOD : MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT.

This beautiful example of natural-colour photography shows Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, the young actress who has recently done such good work, and appeared in the O.U.D.S. pro-

duction of "Antony and Cleopatra," in Celestial mood. She is wearing the beautiful dress of a Chinese lady, and is posed on a red lacquer chair, in a Chinese attitude.

Natural-Colour Photograph by Reville Studios.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

Telephone Literature.

I never cease to be amazed at the generosity of Government Departments in the matter of literature. Why anybody should buy a book or join a library in these days is incomprehensible. The Income Tax Department provide a month's mental pabulum free of charge; and now the Telephone Department, seeking to make ends meet, have presented me with no fewer than five documents of supreme interest—to say nothing of the printed and franked envelope.

There is a Blue Document, a Pink Document, a Buff Document, and two White Documents. The Blue Document is full of meat. Page 2 is headed "The Schedule," and this Schedule is comprised of nineteen "General Conditions" and six "Special Conditions." These Conditions, twenty-five in all, are printed in the type known to the craft as "Ruby." It is not the smallest type they have. They can do you a "Pearl" and a "Diamond," both smaller than "Ruby." But "Ruby" type is small enough to place the twenty-five conditions on which you may use the telephone beyond the ken of anybody who does not possess first-rate sight or a magnifying glass.

I have both, as it happens, so there is no excuse for my not mastering the twenty-five conditions, and I intend to do so when I can get a clear month's holiday.

Buff, Pink and White.

The Buff Document is headed—

"EXECUTION OF TELEPHONE AGREEMENTS."

This, at any rate, is terse and to the point. If our Agreements are to be executed, it is only fair that we should be told about it in a blunt, courageous, straightforward manner. They have had a fair trial, these Agreements, a verdict of "Guilty" has been passed upon them, and now, it seems, nothing can save them but the intervention of the Home Secretary. Mr. Churchill may or may not intervene. I hope he will, because my little Agreement has worked, on the whole, well.

The Pink Document is headed—

"TELEPHONE CHARGES."

There are no fewer than twelve of these charges, exclusive of the "rental for an external extension exceeding 880 yards in length." I don't think I shall require that. The size of my factory would scarcely justify it. Indeed, by shouting very loudly, I can make myself heard in all the departments at once, including the bath-room, without the aid of any telephone at all.

The White Documents inform me that my telephone facilities will cease on May 24, which seems a happy way of celebrating Empire Day.

My Awful Month.

A correspondent, having unearthed the fact that I was born in June, has sent me a little tract on the subject. From this I find that "Persons born during the month are apt to have a double nature, and must constantly watch that the higher and better nature is in power in order to reach their highest success."

It seems, at the first blush, a little hard that only those born in June should be endowed with double natures. Quite a lot of people I

know, however, must have been born in June. Like myself, therefore, they have double natures, and I hope they constantly watch that the higher and better nature is in power. If they do not, let me implore them to begin to-day; otherwise, all the single-natured fellows, or eleven-twelfths of the world's population, will see to it that the June men never reach their highest success.

It is gratifying to read in the booklet that Sir Douglas Haig, as was, has a double nature. At any rate, he was born in June, so he must have kept a pretty bright look-out to become Earl Haig. Sir Oliver Lodge was also born in that month, and nobody can say that he has failed to reach tremendous heights. Velasquez, Gounod, Irvin Cobb, and John McCormack are all June men, which shows me what can be done, after all.



LOSER OF A MILLION FRANCS' WORTH OF JEWELS:
BARONESS ACCURTI.

Baroness Accurti, who managed to escape from Russia after her husband had been killed, brought a million francs' worth of jewels with her to Paris. There she was the victim of a robbery, as all her jewels were stolen. She is well known in both London and Paris, and is considered one of the smartest women in Society.

Photograph by Fabergé.

If any friend has borrowed a fiver, and forgotten to return it, what are you to do? You hate to ask him for it, I know. But you can always drop him a Christmas Rose, which says prettily, "Relieve my Anxiety."

I wonder if the garden at Chequers can boast a specimen of *Monarda Amplexicaulis*? The Prime Minister might find it useful. It means, "Your whims are quite unbearable."

Another dear little book to hand is called "Language of Flowers." I like this wee volume much better than the month booklet. It is not so dictatorial. The author does not strive to depress the reader. "The flower world," he says, "is linked with all the finer sympathies of our nature. The sweet blossoms that cover the green wood are the delight of our childhood; a bouquet is the best ornament of girlish beauty, the meekest offering from young and timid love."

He tells you how you may send a letter composed wholly of flowers—if you can get them. Should you, for instance, wish to lay your entire fortune at the feet of a friend, you merely forward him (or her) a bunch of *Calceolaria*. I am instructing my florist to despatch a bouquet of *Calceolaria* ("O.H.M.S.") to the Collector of Income Tax. He will probably reply with a single Canterbury Bell, which means, in flower language, 'Acknowledgment.'

Featured All Over London.



TO BE SEEN IN "THE MIRACLE MAN": MISS BETTY COMPSON, THE FILM STAR.

Miss Betty Compson, the well-known film star, is featured in "The Miracle Man," with Mr. Thomas Meighan, and is to be seen at nearly

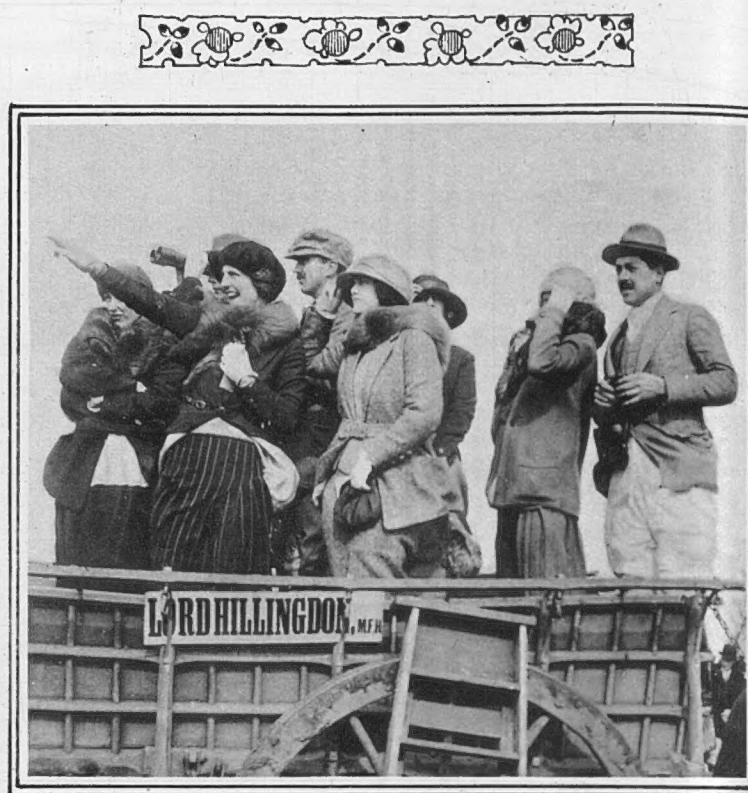
every picture house in town this week. She is one of the best-known picture actresses, and is shown at her best in "The Miracle Man."

Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild.

ATTENDED BY THE PRINCE: THE GRAFTON



AT THE GRAFTON HUNT POINT-TO-POINT: MAJOR GILES LODER;
MRS. LODER; MR. REGGIE LODER; AND FRIEND.



ENTHUSIASTS: LORD AND LADY HILLINGDON; MRS. DE TRAFFORD;
LORD AND LADY STANLEY; LADY WORSLEY; AND COLONEL DYER.



WATCHING THE RACING AT ASHWELL MILL:
MRS. HERBERT CARTER AND MRS. GUINNESS.



WITH LADY CAMDEN (CENTRE): CAPTAIN AND MRS.
BECKWITH-SMITH WATCH THE RACES.



WITH LADY HENRY
LORD HENRY

Both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York attended the Grafton Hunt Point-to-Point, with which were combined the Guards' Inter-Regimental Race and the 2nd Life Guards' Race. The meeting was held at Ashwell Mill, near Helmdon, and the Prince of Wales rode in the Brigade of Guards' Race as a member of the Welsh Guards. His mount was Pet Dog, and he got away well in the field of twenty-four, but was not placed. Our photographs shows some of the many well-known people who attended the meeting. Lord Hillingdon's party included his wife, and two of

HUNT POINT TO POINT AND GUARDS' RACES.



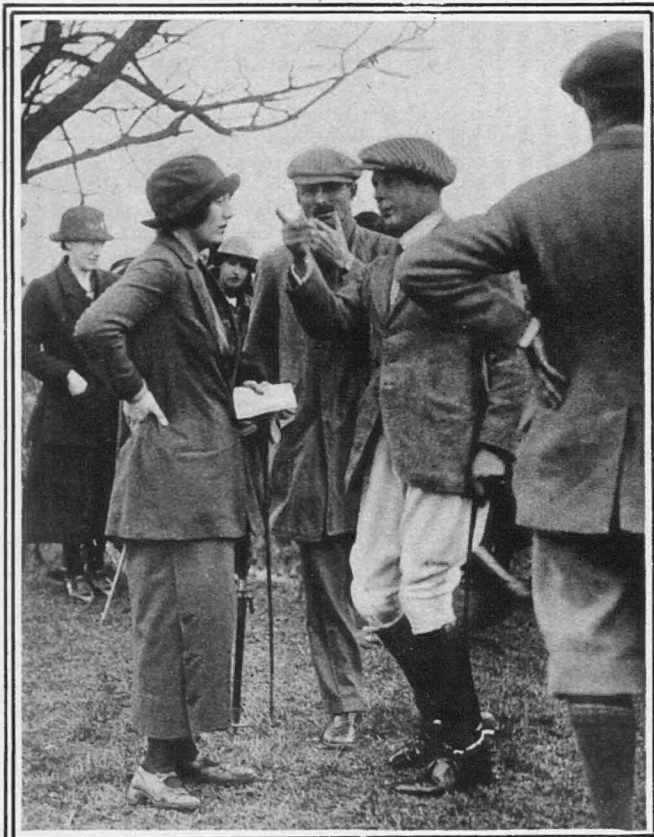
INCLUDING SIR SAMUEL SCOTT; LADY SOPHIE SCOTT; LADY CAMDEN;
AND MRS. PHILIP HUNLOKE: AN INTERESTING GROUP.



WITH HIS SISTER, MISS POPPY WYNDHAM: THE HON. KENNETH
MACKAY AND MRS. MACKAY (CENTRE).



SEYMOUR: LIEUT.-COL.
SEYMOUR, D.S.O.



BEFORE THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS' RACE: THE PRINCE
OF WALES WITH SOME FRIENDS.



WITH COLONEL GEOFFREY CARR GLYN:
COLONEL MENZIES.

her sisters, Lady Stanley and Mrs. de Trafford, as well as Lord Stanley and Lady Worsley; Sir Samuel and Lady Sophie Scott, C.B.E., are shown with Mrs. Philip Hunloke and Lady Camden. The Hon. Kenneth and Mrs. Mackay, son and daughter-in-law of Lord and Lady Inchcape, had Miss Poppy Wyndham, the film-star sister of the Hon. Kenneth Mackay, with them. Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Henry Seymour, D.S.O., Grenadier Guards, is the brother of Lord Hertford, and is well known in Society. Lady Henry Seymour is the daughter of the second Duke of Westminster.



More About Mariegold



"ALL the Americans in London are here," Mariegold told me at the Grafton Gallery Private View.

It looked like it, and sounded like it, too. One got whiffs of Philadelphia, gusts of California, and the more gentle breeziness of Boston. And most of the American voices seemed to

be pouring contempt on their native art.

"They forget they were home products themselves once," said Mariegold.

English people, on the other hand, were trying hard to find excuses for admiring the juvenilia of American brushes. Favourable opinion fixed itself for the most part on Bob Chandler's animal studies, which were perhaps what drew Cavalieri to marry him.

"A courageous step, and you see courage reflected in the pictures, don't you?" said Mariegold. "I remember they tell a tale—*ben trovato*, if not true—that when he married the Italian singer, a relative in detention wired: 'Who is luny now?'"

If American painting was a little disappointing, American women more than made amends. Lady Ribblesdale had her beautiful Astor daughter in tow, and Mrs. Burden, who was leading her husband round, was an event! Yes, an event!

She was a New York beauty under the name of Cotton, but London is only now really aware of her. She

1. Angela has just obtained an excellent appointment as a writer of Society notes. She had never supposed that these notes need be true, as she has often seen people walking in the Fulham Road after reading that they were in the South of France. So she writes: "It is not generally known that Mrs. Grundy-Jones, the Chairwoman of the Society for Preserving Public Morals, has a wonderful collection of garters". . . .

made a hit directly she arrived in London just a little while ago.

"Then you agree with me that there is as much to admire on legs as in the frames?" said Mariegold, noticing that our backs were for the most part to the wall!

Miss Peggy Lewis, and an equally pretty friend, drew a good many eyes off the canvases. Moreover, there were two unknowns, two mysteries—unusual in a crowd gathered together by Mr. Francis Howard, who has almost as great a *flair* for celebrities as for pictures. He was there himself, of course, in a mighty press, receiving compliments, and recognising everybody who expected to be recognised, as hard as he could.

But everybody else was wondering who was the owner of the black-and-white confection, who masked her face under a picture hat. And who was the wearer of white furs, a bright cherry hat, and white hair—a charming combination?

Lady Natika Lister Kaye, Lady Nunburnholme, and Lady Lewis were easily recognisable, and so was Lady Tredegar, who is well known in the more genteel artistic circles, though she has not herself often penetrated those restaurants of remoter Soho, once the headquarters of her poet son. Her own pictures are regarded by the limited circle that knows them as being rather weird and rather beautiful. Lady Randolph Churchill was there, too, holding her usual court of young people.

"And that, if I mistake not," said Mariegold, pointing to one of Lady R's young men, "is her nephew, Shane Leslie, who has been painting the town red—cardinal's red, you know—with his new 'Life of Manning.' The papers are much impressed by it."

Society is amenable to any kind of modern painting, provided they get free tickets for private views. At the Leicester Galleries, whither we went with Captain Coldwaltham, we saw the jungle studies by the Jugo-Slav painter with the unpronounceable name—beasts, mostly human, nakedness and sun-glare.

"It nature is as ugly as that, give me art," was the Captain's only comment.

Among pictures we met Priscilla Countess of Annesley.

"I hear she wants to let that charming house of hers at the corner of Gloucester Place and Portman Square. I think I shall pretend I want to take it, in order to view it and see all those pictures of Lady Annesley herself, done by all the famous artists of our time."

"Letting is not being a very difficult business, so long as your house is 'posh' enough, and all ready, with the sheets turned down so bravely, oh, to show the coronet!"

"You remember I told you about Mrs. Corrigan, and Berkeley Square being not quite good enough! Well, I believe she's consented to descend to the Rosebery level after all. I'm not making fun, mind you, of these Americans who like the very best they can get. They are only doing what we should do if we were intent on enjoying a season in a foreign town, and could afford it. In fact, they are only doing what, on a bigger scale, most people do when they elect to stay or dine at the best hotel in a town. The only difference is that these American women want the best house. The Cornelius Vanderbilts have been on the hunt, and will be installed in a palace in another five minutes or so. Mrs. Rose has already moved into Lady Newborough's place in Park Lane."

Lady Beatty we saw the other day, and were fortunate. Most people have been in touch with her lately only through the papers. Her return to London was very welcome, but people were dashed by the news, which followed almost immediately, that she has given up Hanover Lodge. This means that she is without a London home in any real sense of the term. Her quarters in the Admiralty Arch had everything save home-liness.

"You might as well try to practise the domesticities in the Arc de Triomphe," says Mariegold. "Her tapestries made it magnificent, and it served very well for parties; but a place for a banquet is not always the best place for a breakfast *à deux*."

"She and Lord Beatty will spend a good deal of the season at Lord D'Abernon's Esher place, which they have taken. Poor Lord



2. . . . "It may come as a surprise to some people that Miss Fifi Frills, the comedienne, is greatly interested in missionary labours, and has just presented a tea-cosy to the natives of Equator Island". . . .

D'Abernon! I imagine he would like to be there himself. He finds his position in Berlin very trying."

The Clemence Dane play *première* was one of the "best things" of last week, in Mariegold's opinion. "Everyone's talking about 'A Bill of Divorcement,' she announced, "and personally, what interested me most about the play was, not the 'divorce for lunacy



3. . . . "Sir Julian Jiggs, the well-known philanthropist, is a devoted admirer of Terpsichore, and frequently holds little dancing displays in his private rooms."

problem,' but the picture of the Modern Girl which Meggie Albanesi gives as Sydney Fairfield. There's not much humour to relieve the tragedy of it all, and yet the funny moments are a real scream. When Sydney and her fiancé, Kit, are disturbed in the middle of a kiss by Aunt Hester's entrance, the rebuke 'Sydney! Before lunch!' is top-notch. I sat behind Mrs. Fagan—Mary Grey, you know—and she, like the many other stage experts there, was loud in her praises. Miss Tennyson Jesse, playwright herself, was another enthusiast."

"Dances were plentiful during the week before Holy Week. Lady Lovelace gave one the other night for her daughters Lady Phyllis and Lady Diana King. Lady St. Helier gave a charming one in that most suitable house, No. 52, Portland Place. Bute House, in South Audley Street, had a late night on Wednesday, when Mrs. Bischoffsheim entertained for Edwina Ashley.

"It is the only way," says Mariegold; "the only way, if you are going to prevent these young people giving dances for themselves!"

Her view is that London Society just now consists largely of deserted parents. Their children prefer to live their own life, and when they are sought sorrowing, they are not found in the Temple teaching, but learning life on their own. They are heard of from passing friends who have encountered them at winter sports in Switzerland, or have been entertained by them at dinner in Fitzroy Street. At the dances they give there are no dowagers and no wall-flowers. Their parents are never invited, and scandals, I am told, never hatch out. If you live in a little flat of your own, elopement, which might be attractive if you stayed on in Belgravia, has no fascinations. It would be old-fashioned and dull.

The only sad thing about these adventures is the thought of the elders seeking tidings of their own, forced to go out to keep in touch with a young family. It is a little sad to see the hens who have produced these pretty ducklings sighing at the water's edge!

As for the girls, Mariegold often speaks to me of the two charming daughters of Peers whom we have seen dancing in places where their papas would not be allowed. What if they swear and smoke in their partners' arms, so long as they preserve their charm? They do.

They do, and so one accepts them on their own terms, and sometimes even joins them in that Bolshevik cry of theirs—down with the middle-aged! Of these phases of the New Society I talked the other day with Lady Charlie Beresford in Great Cumberland Place.

Lady Charles is as full of gossip and humorous indignation of the world as ever. She is one who sees not her daughter—or was that yet another of her witty exaggerations?

The Prince again! I hear nothing but stories of his personal daring and patriotic desires to help others. If the Cabinet were as bold as he, and without any taint of jealousy, he would probably be going to Ireland to still the tempest. It would be dangerous, but not more dangerous than his determination to win a steeplechase.

A lady who followed him in the field tells me he took his own line and every fence as recklessly as though he were fighting in France or hunting in Tipperary. And now he has seen his first Grand National, which meant a dull lunch and a grand stand.

"But if he is the boy they say he is he will one day save the Crown and risk his own by riding in the race." So says Mariegold. It is difficult to imagine a finer feat left open to a gentleman rider.

The Prince is a type of the new generation, who has broken away from the old-fashioned social and domestic control—a feat easy enough in itself. But what is wonderful for a youth of his spirit is that he preserves the highest sense of his public duties, and is for ever tearing himself away from his friends in order to meet Pomposities and Respectabilities of the civic order.

Knowsley is an old story. It has its place in the history of our sporting monarchy. But Knowsley full of French people is something new. Lord Derby's guest-list shows how many friends he has made in Paris. "The most Parisian Grand National ever run," was the impression given to one who was within earshot of his party.

By the way, I looked in for a second on Lord Reading in Curzon Street to say good-bye. I never saw such a litter—papers and boxes and chaos.

Everybody is discussing his amazing anecdote to the Indians that the last time he saw Calcutta was as a ship's boy sailing before the



4. But when Angela went down to the office for pay and approbation, she found it in the hands of a hostile crowd threatening libel actions. She was so hurt and disappointed that she left at once for the country.

mast. To the democratic English this appeals, but the conservative Orientals were in amazement. Blood and caste are everything in the East.

The Maharajahs will try to forget that the Viceroy was ever at the bottom of the ladder.

Beauty on Camel-Back: Society Snaps from Egypt.



1. AT LUXOR: MRS. WYNNE AND MISS LINDSELL.
2. ON CAMEL-BACK: THE DUKE OF ALBA.
3. ON THE DAHABEAH: MRS. WYNNE; COUNTESS DE LA MAZA, AND THE DUKE OF ALBA.

4. BY THE SPHINX: THE COUNT DE LA MAZA; THE DUCHESS OF ALBA; COUNTESS DE LA MAZA; MRS. H. WYNNE; MISS LINDSELL; H. E. IZZET PASHA; AND THE DUKE OF ALBA (L. TO R.).

Our snapshots from Egypt show some well-known Society people riding camels and enjoying the brilliant sunshine. Mrs. Wynne is the much-decorated lady who did such splendid work on five fronts during the war, and received the Mons Star, Croix de Guerre, Order of Leopold I., Order of St. George, Al Valore Militare, and Croce de Guerra. The

Duke of Alba and Berwick and his beautiful wife are well known in London Society, and, it will be remembered, were married in London recently. The Duchess, it will be noticed, looks as charming on a camel as she does in more conventional circumstances, and all the members of the party seem at home on their camels.

In Colombo and London: Some Notable Marriages.



MARRIED IN COLOMBO: CAPTAIN E. O. MACKWOOD AND MRS. E. O. MACKWOOD (MISS L. V. CAMERON).



LEAVING ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE: MR. WILLIAM MURE AND HIS BRIDE, MISS UNWIN.

The marriage of Captain E. O. Mackwood, extra A.D.C. to H.E. the Governor of Ceylon, to Miss Leila Virginie Cameron, elder daughter of Sir Edward J. Cameron, K.C.M.G., was celebrated in Colombo.—The marriage of Mr. William Mure, son of the late Mr. William and Lady Georgina Mure, and Miss Nancy Margaret Unwin, daughter of Colonel



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER: LIEUT. COM. C. D. BURNEY, D.S.O., R.N., AND HIS BRIDE, MISS GLADYS HIGH.

and Mrs. Unwin, was celebrated at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.—Lieutenant-Commander Cecil Burney, D.S.O., R.N., son of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Cecil Burney, and inventor of the Paravane, was married to Miss Gladys High, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George High, of Chicago, at St. Margaret's, Westminster.



THE young man is in danger. The younger he is the more old-fashioned is he. He is out-moded. He is a back number. The middle-aged man has triumphed, and, so far as the French stage is concerned, has crushed his slimmer, perhaps corseted, rival. With all his *embonpoint*, he alone is capable of inspiring real affection in the French woman. I do not know whether anybody else has remarked this curious submergence of the *jeune premier*, but you have only to consider the really noteworthy plays that have lately appeared in Paris to be convinced that the young dog has had his day. Henceforth he will be, as a lady-killer, too young at forty.

What is the reason for this change in the fashion of heroes? One can only suppose that our present stock of playwrights are growing into middle-aged men. Personally, I would not care to venture a guess at the age of M. Henry Bataille, who is certainly the foremost French dramatist. He has one of those thin young-old or old-young faces which might belong to anybody from thirty to sixty. Anyhow, I presume him to be middle-aged, whatever that may mean! Certainly his leading parts for men require a certain mellowness. No one can be elected to the French Senate until he is forty. No one, according to M. Bataille's doctrine, can become a perfect lover until he has reached that age of discretion.

Incidentally, the middle-aged actor, inclined to stoutness, is given his chance. M. Felix Huguenet, in "*La Tendresse*," which has made a hit at the Vaudeville, makes the most of his chance. He is, I think, one of the most remarkable actors in France. He does not strive nor cry. His subdued voice; his non-chalant bearing, his effortless acting, fill one with wonder. I have never heard a more softly spoken, unforced speech producing such a profound effect as his eulogy of tenderness, of a sort of platonic affection which is better than the pains and passions of youthful love. It is the gem of the piece.

It is even better than the great stormy scene which preceded it in the second act, and in which Mlle. Yvonne de Bray revealed herself as a new Réjane. Whenever a star of the first magnitude swims into our ken it is the pleasing duty of an astronomer who watches the theatrical firmament to announce its advent. *Eh bien*, Yvonne de Bray, as the unhappy Marthe detected in infidelity, made a poignant appeal that even Réjane could hardly have made. Her distress was so real that everybody shifted uneasily in his—and especially in her—*fautcuil*, and hid his face behind the programme.

Why do we enjoy being made miserable? When the lights went up Madame's eyes were red and her handkerchief was a watery wreck. It was necessary to apply much powder. I am inclined to think that M. Bataille has never written anything more powerful than this. Perhaps it is too powerful, too disturbing. But all this emotion did not prevent Madame from remarking that Yvonne de Bray wore the most magnificent pyjamas in black silk and gold, or that all her dresses—whether of silver satin or of black tulle and creamy lace—were longer on one side than on the other.



WIFE OF THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR IN PARIS:
H. E. LE COMTESSE BONNIN LONGARE.

Her Excellency Comtesse Bonnin Longare is the wife of the Italian Ambassador in Paris, and is, as our photograph shows, a very beautiful and elegant woman. The room in which she is standing is the drawing-room of the Italian Embassy in Paris.—[Photograph by Paul O. Doyé.]

Nor did it prevent her from admiring the furnishing of the stage in ultra-modern style. The main feature of the room was a huge divan on a dais, with gigantic gorgeous cushions, and overhead the richest silken canopy, hanging loosely in folds, painted with voluminous and voluptuous flowers. Cunningly concealed were electric lights shining softly through the stuffs. Chairs and tables and *bibliothèques* were of the most simple lines, very tiny, mostly in black and gold.

Speaking of Réjane reminds me that Mistinguett has actually taken up her principal creation—Catherine, la Maréchale Lefèvre, the Duchess of Dantzig, Madame Sans-Gêne—call her by what name you please! Odd, is it not, that a great temperamental actress of the most extraordinary technique should be succeeded by a music-hall *vedette*? One is tempted to laugh at this *rapprochement* of the names of Réjane and Mistinguett. And yet the experiment—for it is an experiment, and a daring one at that—turns out quite well. True, Mistinguett has a lot to learn about the art of acting. It is not quite the same thing as singing a catchy song, wearing a tremendous feathered hat, and executing a lively dance. But she has put her heart into this business, and has shown that she is capable of becoming an admirable actress.

Indeed, the barriers which once divided the stage from the music-hall are being broken down. It is no longer possible to put revue artists and "legitimate" actresses in separate classes. There are no water-tight compartments. Lately the ambition of showing that they are versatile has seized most of the *étoiles*. There is Polaire, who has scored a great success in the "straight" part of Marie Gazelle. There is Spinelli—reputed to have the best legs in France—who has had a veritable triumph in "*Le Roi*." Why not Mistinguett in "*Madame Sans-Gêne*"? La Danseuse Jasmine has developed into a clever pantomimist, thanks to the tuition of Séverin, in the mimo-drama, "*Chand d'Habits*." And, on the other hand, has not the Divine Sarah lately gone to the music-hall stage?

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

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In Denmark: A Distinguished Diplomat and His Wife.



WITH LADY MARLING, C.B.E.: SIR CHARLES MARLING, K.C.M.G., C.B., BRITISH MINISTER TO COPENHAGEN.

Sir Charles Murray Marling, K.C.M.G., C.B., has been the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Copenhagen since 1919, and is a distinguished diplomat who has held appointments at Sofia, Athens, Bucharest, Constantinople, and other capitals, and was British Delegate at and President for taking the Plebiscite in Slesvig last year.

Lady Marling, C.B.E., who was married in 1909, is the daughter of General Sir John Slade, and has one son and two daughters. Our photographs, which were taken in Copenhagen, are the latest portraits of Sir Charles and Lady Marling, and show them at the British Legation.—[Photographs by Vandyk.]

"SUNBEAMS OUT OF CUCUMBERS."

Continued.

all had some grievance or other—either a stubborn cold still hanging on, or an embryonic attack of the new kind of 'flu (and it is all the old kinds with an additional torture that seems to run thousands of knives into your tummy, and leave them there over-night!) But one and all wore happy faces and new clothes, and no one admitted to having lost a *sou*; though my earlier lesson in veracity somewhat robbed my soul of its pristine credulity.

Studying these faces and comparing them with the faces of the masses in the Casino—the big Casino, I mean; not the Salles Privées—I was struck with the one outstanding difference. It is not a difference of feature; it is not a difference of clothes; it is not even a difference of hands and feet—it is a difference of expression. Those on whom the gods have smiled most are not necessarily happiest; but they are determined to appear so. They smile when the little white ball rolls and rests on the wrong number. They smile when they catch each other's eyes, instead of doubling into the more formal bow of the masses. They even smile when their hats are unbecoming—and that is why I know I shall never really be one of them. When I know my hat is horrid I go through the world cutting all my friends, and offend the most forgiving in the vain belief that if I don't see them they won't see me! Ostrich-like, I tuck my old hat under my metaphorical wings and slink home to hide my face. If I only realised it, no one really cares whether my hat is becoming or not—not at the Sporting Club of Monte Carlo. The men are much too busy gambling; the women are too occupied with their own little mirrors and powder-boxes and lip-salve tubes. A dozen times



LADY CURZON'S SISTER ON THE RIVIERA: MRS. AMBROSE DUDLEY.

Mrs. Ambrose Dudley, who, before her marriage to Major Ambrose Dudley, was Miss Anita Hinds, is the younger sister of Lady Curzon of Kedleston. She has recently been on the Riviera, where this snapshot of her was taken.

Photograph by T.P.A.

will find that even she has let herself go somewhere or other—her corsets, perhaps, or her high-heeled shoes. The reaction will come later when she has lost all her money, and, back in the refinement of Bedford or Newcastle, she will blush in retrospective shame of having actually asked one of those French *demi-mondaines* to change her *mille-francs* note. Meanwhile, the creatures patronise her! Very conscious of their own suitability to the *mise-en-scène*, they eye her with true Christian charity and do not laugh. Almost they are *grandes dames* in their deportment. Always they behave better than certain of ourselves.

One of the saddest topics of conversation on the whole Riviera is the death of Lady Furness. She was a woman's woman—a perfect mother and full of the joy of life the last time I saw her (some two years ago); a woman who did not interest herself greatly in Society, particularly that portion of it that invariably chases money. Even the hardest-hearted worldling out here was moved deeply by the news of her death. The arrival of the yacht *Sapphire* at Cannes has just been reported, but I hardly believe it possible.

The skeletons of the men of the Barma-Grande—the anthropological specimens in the Museum Præhistoricum, founded by the late Sir Thomas Hanbury near Mentone—lying so still in the caves of the Baoussé-Roussé, gave me more to think. One of the males is seven feet long; and the female by his side had been buried about a hundred thousand years ago with her jewels, jewels of sea-shells strung together, perhaps, on the hair of her man's human victims—women whom he had loved and scorned in favour of more pushing upstarts, probably. Staring at the crumbling grey bones and the empty eye-sockets and the long lifeless hands and feet, old, old thoughts came fluttering like forgotten birds seeking nests that wintry winds have long scattered—metaphysical wonderings tapping on the window of a mind that for a month has been saturated only in the physical. The giant there had been monarch of all this land, perhaps. . . . He had owned mountains and rocks and slaves and elephants and women, and he had learned wisdom—the only wisdom necessary to preserve his big body for a mortal span. . . . and then? It was very certain his physical self had not long profited by any of this wisdom.

Well, well. The stars that mystified him a hundred thousand years ago, most of them, are burning still. The planets follow their same old courses. The earth—and his cave was probably on the edge of a very small inland lake on the top of a mountain, this antediluvian cave that now preaches a sermon in stone on the banks of the Mediterranean—the earth is only a seedling, after all, in the whirlwind of Destiny. This earth, where some people own yachts, and some people don't; where some eat oysters, while others wash the plates; where most are like little hurrying ants rushing down to the sea of death—this earth is still, somehow, safe on its axis, and the poles are held by a Good Fellow who watches and waits and experiments and watches again. Who knows? Perhaps the Prince of Monaco, brooding over deep-sea fish and fauna and flora and archaeological wonders, may be the re-incarnation of the giant of the Barma-Grande. . . . sub-consciously he knows all that the cave-man learnt. Subjectively he prepares for his offspring a million æons hence. Sublimely self-satisfied, the old rock of Monaco follows the dictates of the sun; and the little red ships sail out into the dawn and sail home again; and the lights of the Casino blink and wink and attract the blind bats of the night—and sometimes there is a tragedy in the gardens, and sometimes there is a sudden shot in a hotel bed-room. But the pigeons, pruning themselves on the Terrace, in spite of the wicked little trap-doors that free their brothers from the fetters of physical life—the thoughtless little, irresponsible pigeons coo their hearts out all day long. And Clytemnestra is by no means dead. Indeed, she may arrive here any day as though nothing had happened!

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



IN THE SUNSHINE AT CANNES: MAJOR PERCY BELL, MR. NEVILLE DUKE, AND MRS. BELL AT CANNES (L. TO R.).

Our photograph, which was taken at Cannes, shows some happy people sunning themselves on the terrace of their hotel.



A WELL-KNOWN LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER ON THE RIVIERA: MRS. SATTERTHWAITE, WITH MR. SIMON.

Mrs. Satterthwaite has been playing a great deal of lawn-tennis on the Riviera. Our snapshot shows her smiling after a hard set.

Photograph by T.P.A.

an hour out they all come from the little multi-coloured bags. Time was when these frescos took place only in the privacy of bed-rooms or behind discreet screens. Now it is as though Woman, in the great triumph of her emancipation, is not only proud of her legs and her absence of wings, but, lest any section of society imagine her beauty is more than skin-deep, she hastens to put it right by painting the lily in the public glare of a myriad unastonished eyes. No one can accuse her of deception. And English women are more French than the French here. Their skirts are shorter; their evening backs are bared; their lips are redder; their head-dresses are higher; and, if you look deep down into the soul of the dowdiest old frump from the British provinces, you

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THE BLACK DRESSING - GOWN.

FROM THE PAINTING BY LÉO FONTAN.
(Original in the Possession of Reschal and Delebarre, 21, Rue Joubert, Paris.)

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THE SHADOW OF THE DEVIL! MISS GRACE CRISTIE IN A BENDA MASK.

The Benda Masks in "The League of Nations," at the New Oxford, provide one of the most noteworthy episodes in the production. Our photograph shows Miss Cristie in the Devil Mask, which is one of the most remarkable she wears.

Photograph by Foulsham and Danfield, Ltd.



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FROM THE READER'S POINT OF VIEW.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

A BOOK blessed with a double charm is Lieutenant-Colonel T. R. Johnston's "The Islanders of the Pacific." Through it you can, in the words of the modest and pleasant preface, become an ethnologist of the easy chair, and can know all the excitements of tracing "the tall, handsome Polynesians, a race of chiefs," from the tribe of the Queen of Sheba and the lost sea people of Asia, through India, and all the islands of the sunlit seas, to the stark, mystic slopes of the Andes.

But also, since you are analysing rainbows, you can enjoy their radiant tints. You can take your delight in the scores of legends and pictures and sidelights by which Colonel Johnston so skilfully and persuasively supports his case. Even if you are not entirely absorbed in connecting the sun-cult with his theory, you cannot resist such an enchanting story as that which tells how the sun-god Tangaroa undid his girdle, which was the rainbow, so that he could slide down it to earth and visit Hina the Beautiful, the mother of his two flame-haired children; or the story that tells how Quat, the wily god-hero of Banks Island, outwitted the fearful night goddess Quong, and bought a fair supply of night to save his tribes' land from being burnt up by an eternal sun.

You can trace the parallel between "Tangaroa the radiant, the eater of the sun," and other legends, to their European and Eastern parallels, and feel thoroughly scientific, but you can be enchanted, as well, by the traced story of this captivating race. Colonel Johnston is not merely a complete and careful student, but his affection for these happy islanders is manifest. He tells with admiration of their marvellous voyages: how they launched out into the unknown, and the great ships they must have sailed, ships that made those of Columbus look mere cockle-shells. He tells of their seamanship, and of their queer, flimsy, accurate charts of interlaced reeds. He tells how New Zealand was discovered, how the islanders "watched birds by day, and heard their cries by night," as they migrated over the curve of the world, and how they said, "there must be another land there" to the south.

He tells much of their life, their burial customs, their first, strange buildings, that are still a mystery. He explains how the happy Polynesian migrants came in touch with the negroid inhabitants (Melanesians) of the islands, and how their sunny gods became cruel, and war and black rites and cannibalism rose up until Ui, the Samoan maiden, gave herself to the sun-god, that her brother might be spared, and the eating of men ceased. He tells, too, of strange things—the walking on fire, and the way one can see ghosts by putting a portion of chewed betel-nut in a fillet about the head. He even explains the Aldermanic turtle cult, for it was chief's meat, only to be eaten by superior persons.

He has much that is sensible to say about cannibalism; in fact, so balanced is his attitude that his complete description of a cannibal feast makes it seem much more decorous than many modern customs—a football match, say. But here I had the feeling that

he was determined to make all things prove his theory. To him cannibalism was merely a development from the sacrificial cults of Asia. It may be so. At the same time, others who have studied the South Seas (among them Miss Hadfield, who lived in the Loyalty Islands) declare that it was really a revulsion against the vegetarianism forced on a meat-eating people by a life in islands where flesh-meat was too rare.

In other ways, Colonel Johnston seems to bend his facts, ever so slightly, it is true, to meet his theory. But he is the last man, one imagines, to adopt an *ex cathedra* attitude, and, as he himself states, he desires more to suggest than to say the final word. As it is, his book does prove most suggestive, and, written so well and so happily is it, its fascination is undeniable.

Lois Blunt, the heroine of Miss F. E. Mills Young's "Fore-shadowed," is a spirited girl, with a taste for suburban repartee and an unfaltering folly in love. She visits some authentic and glowing African scenery to companion a friend whose baby is about to be born, and there she meets Sidney Farrol, who is big and fair, with critical blue eyes, but who is also blunt, honest, shy and clumsy. He is exactly the man girls fall in love with too late. He is also the man who falls in love quite early.

Lois, entirely unimpressed, leaves him, and promptly falls a prey to Gerald Ackroyd, who has nothing but the name he stands up in, and that a rather shabby garment. He has, however, very nice grey eyes, a magnetic manner, and any amount of audacity. In a short sea voyage he wins her heart.

Having won her, and defied the rich man, her father, he then "springs upon" her the fact that he is a divorced man and a bit of a scamp, and Lois's love shows a decline as rapid as was its ascent. All the same, Lois acts inexplicably. She meets Sidney Farrol again, and they let each other know they love each other, but for all that she remains true to her pact with Gerald. She appreciates that he is quite a hopeless sort of person, and yet she marries him. I was quite baffled to know why she did it. Miss Mills Young gives no key to Lois's emotional interior; she does the thing without any psychic explanation, and so I merely felt convinced that she did it in order that the final chapters should be duly complicated. For, of course, they are. Having married the man she shouldn't, she naturally

ends in agreeing to elope with the man she ought to have married in the first place. That Miss Mills Young gives the story a tragic twist at the end did not save it as far as I was concerned. I was irritated with Lois, who got rather less than she deserved; also I thought her attempts at "smart" conversation did much to destroy the charm of a simple and compact sense of narration that, in spite of all, might have made the story convincing.



MARJORIE BOWEN AT HOME: THE FAMOUS NOVELIST WITH TWO OF HER CHILDREN.

Miss Marjorie Bowen, the famous novelist, is in private life Mrs. A. L. Long, the wife of Captain A. L. Long, whom she married in 1917, as her second husband. Mr. Costanzo, her first husband, died in 1916. She has three sons, and is shown with the two elder in our photograph. Miss Bowen wrote her first novel, "The Viper of Milan," when she was only sixteen, and has since written fourteen more. She is a member of the Society of Leyden, and has just accepted an invitation to tour through Holland giving lectures on Dutch and English history.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

Sportswomen of the Shires: Equestrienne Portraits.



OUT WITH THE QUORN:
MISS CRAWFORD.



A FOLLOWER OF THE PYTCHLEY:
MISS SYLVIA RENTON.



WITH THE WHADDON CHASE: MISS R.
AND MISS E. DENNY.



OUT WITH THE PYTCHLEY:
MISS HEWITT.



AT A MEET OF THE ATHERSTONE:
MISS MULLINER.

Our page shows a number of well-known Society girls who hunt in the Shires. Miss Crawford, who hunts with the Quorn, lives at Thorpe Satchville Hall, Melton Mowbray; Miss Sylvia Renton, a well-known follower of the Pytchley, at Guilsborough House, Northampton; and

Miss Hewitt at Daneholme, Daventry. Miss Rosalind Denny, O.B.E., and Miss Evelyn Denny are the younger daughters of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Denny, of Horwood House, Winslow, Bucks. Miss Mulliner's home is Clifton Court, Clifton, Rugby.—[Photographs by Poole Waterford.]

Sidesaddle and Astride: Equestrienne Portraits.



WITH THE QUORN:
MISS CORAH.



AT A MEET OF THE BELVOIR:
MISS TILNEY.



AT A MEET OF THE BELVOIR:
MISS ATKINSON.



OUT WITH THE WARWICKSHIRE:
MRS. GRANVILLE.

A FOLLOWER OF THE BELVOIR:
MISS L. FENWICK.

Our page of Society sportswomen shows some well-known followers of three famous packs—the Quorn, the Belvoir, and the Warwickshire. Miss Corah lives at Scraftoft Hall, Leicester; Miss L. Fenwick at

Little Belvoir, Melton Mowbray; Miss Atkinson at Dovecote House, Long Clawson, near Melton Mowbray; and Mrs. Granville at Chadley, Wellesbourne Mountford, Warwickshire.

Photographs by Poole, Waterford.



IT becomes a mystery of increasing depth and darkness why any Londoner ever troubles to go abroad. Because Abroad displays so strong and steadily increasing a tendency to come to London. And if you can get the full flavour of the Rue de la Paix and the Puerta del Sol (to say nothing of the Corso, the Boulevard Anspach, the Boompjes, Unter den Linden, and the Ring—ex-

Hapsburg, you know, not Wagnerian) without ever stirring from N.W. 28, where you really live, except, perhaps, to betake yourself as far as W. 1, where you pretend you do, well then, one asks, why bother?

Because This London of Ours is growing increasingly cosmopolite—about the only way, you pardonably grumble, in which it ever is likely to grow polite. The voice of the stranger is heard more and more within (or standing clear of) the gates. He seems to like to hear it himself. Doesn't he! Especially if he has escaped from President Harding's Transatlantic Home for Inebriates, wears bad clothes and colossal spectacles, and has come to tell Europe exactly how He and His won the war.

And don't you just notice it—the Invasion of the Barbarians—if



THE CAUSE OF ALL THE TROUBLE: MILLICENT HANNAY (MISS HILDA MOORE) IN "A SOCIAL CONVENIENCE."

Millicent Hannay's matrimonial difficulties are the *raison d'être* of the play at the Royalty. She wants to marry Nigel Bellamy (Mr. Hubert Harben), who dreads a scandal, so Dennis Lestrangle (Mr. Dennis Eadie) has to be employed from the Bureau of Social Convenience to play the rôle of co-respondent, and make a divorce possible. Our photograph shows Miss Hilda Moore as the charming lady in search of a divorce—which, by the way, never comes off.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

you happen to take your midday meal out of a blue-and-white spotted handkerchief and enamelled tin pail at one of those places where proud gentlemen in black evening ties lure you into ordering a gilt-edged lunch because the people at the next table are talking so loud that you can't read the prices on the programme.

Full of them. Right up to the ceiling. Every big pleasure place in Town is replete with the happy alien. No matter how bad his native rate of exchange or how punctuated with small-arms ammunition his leading statesmen. Those people in the corner—no, not that man, he's only an Englishman—over there, behind the woman with green mittens instead of sleeves—well, they are the Puich y Fuentes. That is why their spectacles are so tortoiseshell.

And the little man with the little woman with the face that looks as though she had spilt the iodine over her complexion in a really determined effort to be really brunette is the man who always goes about with her. Yes. And she is the woman who generally goes about with him. The language which they are talking, and

the waiter has some difficulty in assimilating, is French. Because the poor little man is Italian. And they have never got nearer to Italy than the Boulevard which takes its name from the Italians. However, it all keeps up the cosmopolitan atmosphere magnificently, doesn't it?

And the woman further on, with the hat like a panic in a bird's-nest, who looks like a Frenchwoman would look if she really came from New Jersey, really comes from New Jersey. And won't go back. Even if we were to ask her Ever So. Because she went without meat one whole day a week, and won the war for us that way. And she has come over to see if we were quite worth winning it for.

And so on, all the way round the room, until you get to the small table in the draught from the entrance, where everybody always trips over your feet as they come in (and also as they go out). There, in that mild obscurity, so characteristic of the reticence of the Anglo-Saxon, you will find an authentic aborigine and his squaw. Their expenses are probably paid by a considerate management in order to maintain for the foreign patrons the illusion that the place is really in London. But the rest is . . . no, it certainly is *not* silence—anything but that.

So one need hardly bother, if one wants the feeling of Abroad, about the indignities of passport photography and that sinking feeling in mid-Channel. No. One can get it all for the price of a lunch anywhere on the line between the Green Park and the Haymarket. All the noise and the gesticulation, the high colour and the low life of the Continent are brought to our doors, without our having to trouble to go to them.

And if you want to see the English, one supposes that you must do the converse, and you will probably find them somewhere around. Beginning with the Gare Maritime, where you will encounter them arguing over their hand luggage. Passing on to the Gare du Nord, where you will doubtless view them at bay over a mound containing (somewhere) their big luggage. And so to the various resorts, where they are now to be found backing zero, committing ski-side down snow-slopes, offering antique-dealers half the price (and four times the value) of doubtful pieces of gilt furniture, negotiating for the hire of insecure local automobiles, and generally disporting themselves after the noble fashion of the Englishman abroad. Because that is where they all are. There aren't any here.



THE LOVER AND THE SOCIAL CONVENIENCE: NIGEL BELLAMY (MR. HUBERT HARBEN) AND DENNIS LESTRANGE (MR. DENNIS EADIE), AT THE ROYALTY.

Mr. Dennis Eadie plays the part of the Social Convenience in the play of the name at the Royalty. Nigel Bellamy employs him to make sham love to Millicent Hannay (Miss Hilda Moore), so that her freedom from the married state may be effected, and Bellamy can marry her himself. Our photograph shows the Social Convenience discussing matters with his employer.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

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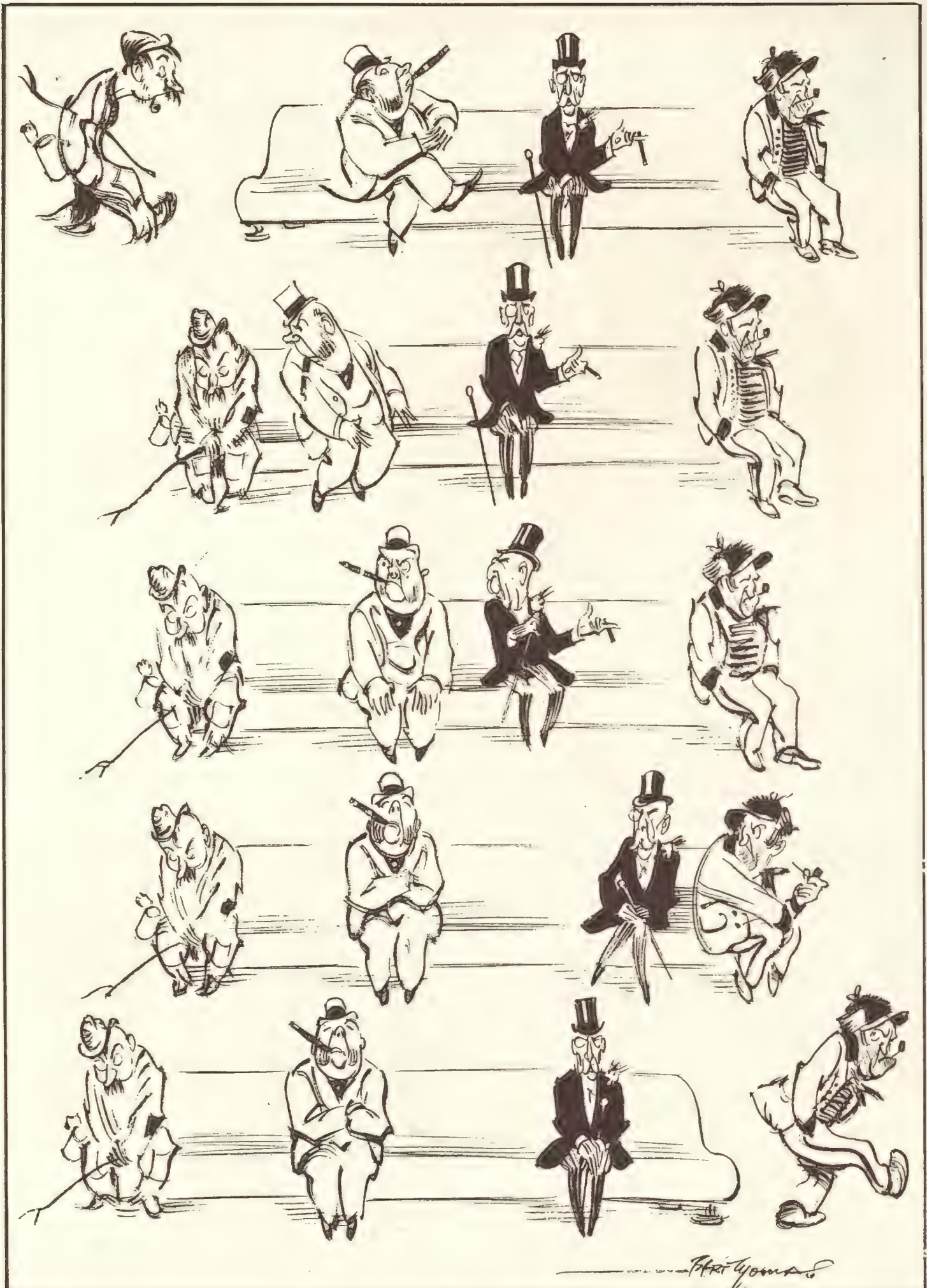
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CONTEMPT: A STUDY IN EXCLUSIVENESS.

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.



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THE argument that Oriental pearls are an investment is designed to condone the prohibitive cost of wearing them.

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THROUGH A GLASS LIGHTLY.

IF a woman is envious of another woman's Easter hat, she is indubitably a woman of good taste. If she is *not* envious, there is, as certainly, something wrong with her taste—if she has any.

This is the time of year when amateur gardeners will be well advised to label their plots of ground with extreme care. They will thus be assured of having the future satisfaction of pointing out to admiring friends the exact spot where the peas and beans would have been if the mice had not eaten all the seeds.

Hamlet's Eastertide adjuration to an old hen: "Lay not that flatt'ring unction to your soul."

The origin of the Easter-egg custom is a thing of vagueness. Not so the equivalent custom observed in France—the *poisson d'avril*. This is the story:

In the long, long ago an aged French farmer, on his way home from his work at evening, had occasion to cross a tiny rustic bridge that spanned a rippling stream where browsed many little fishes. He used to feed these fishes regularly until they got to know him and he them. But in the dry season the water so dried up that many of the fish died—all except one whom the farmer called "Hilarion." Now this solitary denizen of the parched stream hinted, somehow, that she was lonely and without comfort, so one day, when the stream held hardly enough water to cover Hilarion's back, the farmer took her out, and, carrying the poor thing home, placed her in a tub of water all to herself. Occasionally, Hilarion, having become so used to lack of water, would hop out of the tub and wallow about the farmyard for minutes on end, holding piscatory conversation with the fowl and flesh of the farm. In fact, by this time Hilarion had become amphibious. Years went by, Hilarion was the pet of the homestead, particularly in regard to a masterful pullet. But one fine summer's day, when Hilarion returned to her tub she found it empty. Some careless servant had taken the water away. So, dejected and frightened for her future, Hilarion toddled back to the stream, tried to cross the bridge, slipped, fell in, and was apparently drowned! . . . Months later, during one of his periodical pilgrimages to the stream, the farmer found a widgeon's nest on the bank. In it was the corse of Hilarion. And beside it—an egg! Hence *poisson d'avril*. For it was April the First.

No man can say truthfully that he is in love for the first time; because he first fell in love when a boy.

Easter holidays should be short, quick, and snappy. They are the cocktail, not the liqueur, to the main summer event.

An eminent and—possibly, consequently—impecunious painter had been plagued to distraction by a persistently prosperous person to join him in dinner at a swagger restaurant. If there was one thing more than another that the artist loathed about his would-be friend it was that man's restaurant. But one day the person turned

up at the studio and, taking a fancy to a couple of pictures, promptly bought them, and paid cash, £20, down. The artist needed the money, and, to please his patron, decided to accept the long-pressed invitation. On the way to the opulent dining place the artist called at his own Alma Mater, a club where the drinks were cheaper, and treated his benefactor to many somewhat expensive beverages. They proceeded to the rich man's restaurant, where the artist, having paid the taxi fare on the understanding that all moneys would be refunded, was regaled to a sumptuous feast ordered by the Cræsus. Things so happened by the end of the meal that the benefactor was unable to foot the bill, so the artist stumped up most of the twenty pounds. . . . A few days later they met. Before the poor painter could speak, the "Person" exclaimed: "Jolly little meal we had the other night, what! And you'd be surprised if I told you how little I paid for it!"

It is a fact that at Easter you get eggs that have been dyed. It is also a fact that, at other times of the year, you get eggs that have died. Why fuss about it?

Unable to say Llanrywst,
An Englishman began a boost
For pronunciation,
To suit his own nation,
But the Welsh exclaimed "Ach, Annyrrwst!"

When asked what was the meaning of Lent, the bright little scholar said: "Doing without something you don't want—like somebody else's busted umbrella."



**NOT BY APPOINTMENT TO WINSTON!
MRS. BERTRAM ROMILLY IN HER
NEW HAT-SHOP.**

Mrs. Bertram Romilly, the beautiful sister-in-law of Mr. Winston Churchill, has just set up as a milliner. Our photograph shows her in her shop with one of the models. She has some beautiful hats, but she has not yet said whether she will design any for her distinguished brother-in-law, whose interest in head-gear is so well known!—[Photograph by C.P.]



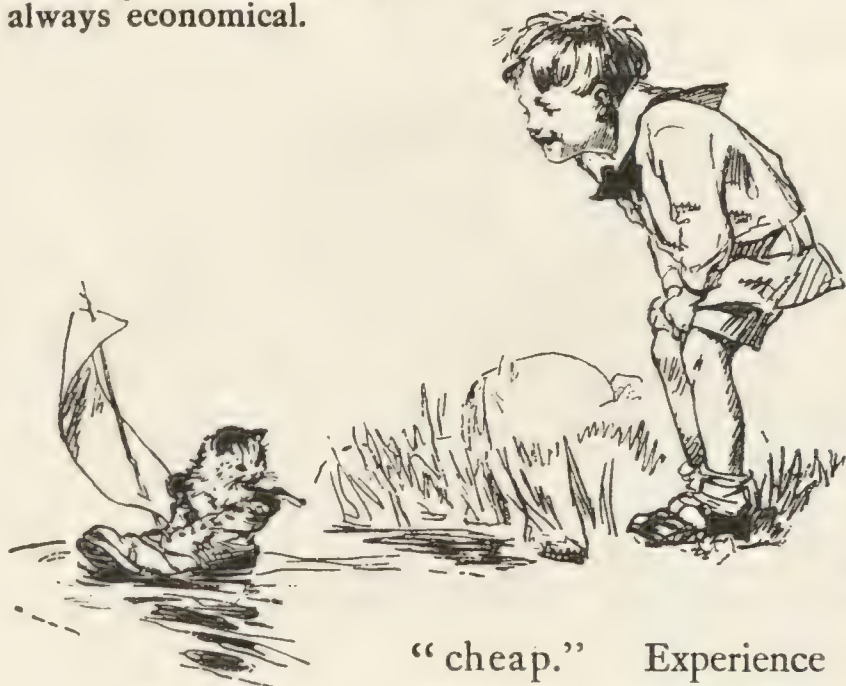
**OUT OF THE HAT-SHOP: MRS. BERTRAM
ROMILLY, WHO HAS JUST SET UP AS A
MILLINER.**

Mrs. Bertram Romilly is the wife of Colonel Romilly, D.S.O., Scots Guards, and daughter of the late Colonel Hozier, and of Lady Blanche Hozier. She is a very beautiful woman, and did fine service during the European War as a nurse. On one occasion she fell into German hands and was imprisoned for a short time. She married Colonel Romilly in 1915, and has two little sons.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]

A Chosen alien was showing a Hebrew brother his newly renovated and extended premises in the East End, where "pig pizness" was hoped to be effected. It was explained that the new shop and factory were entirely up to date, according to Board of Trade regulations. Everything was in order—heat, light, ventilation, and safety measures. The friend was greatly impressed, and, looking at several strange, elongated, red-coloured cones that were placed at intervals on the walls, he asked what they were. "Them, my poy," answered the proud proprietor; "vy, them iss fire-extingvishers!" The friend, aghast, said, "But, Ikey—fire-extingvishers! Don't be a fool. Vy, vot voss in 'em?" The proprietor relieved his friend's natural anxiety by saying, "Vell, I don't know vot voss in 'em. But I can tell yer vot iss in 'em—petrol!"

SPFX.

It is only the right material that can create that atmosphere of refined simplicity — and the right material is always economical.



IS IT SAFE?

THE first warm breath of Spring brings thoughts of one's cool summer dresses. Fashion says they must be simple. Economy says they must be inexpensive but not

"cheap." Experience urges that the material must wash well, wear well and keep its color. Fashion, Economy and Experience therefore all say NAMRIT, because it safely fulfils these demands.

Secure the new patterns of NAMRIT, and see for yourself the silky character of the fabric, the dainty unobtrusive designs, and the graceful colors produced by the famous Tobralco indelible process. The name on selvedge guarantees you always the same quality and simple refinement, the same long lasting satisfaction.

NAMRIT

THE INDELIBLE VOILE

4/11

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The satisfaction that you find in Namrit is obtainable equally in all Tootal Guaranteed Fabrics: Tobralco—the cotton fabric that cleanses easily, Tarantulle—the quality cotton fabric for home-sewn lingerie and baby-wear, Tootal Piqué, Tootal Shirtings for men and women, Lissue Handkerchiefs for ladies, Pyramid and Lova Handkerchiefs for men, and Tootal Cloth—the guaranteed velvet fabric.

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE COMPANY LIMITED, MANCHESTER



HOPE springs eternal in the managerial breast. At any rate, at the London Pavilion. When the Bold Cochran (if we may quote the old sea-ballad) first set sail on the long trail from London to Paris and from Paris to New York, he trusted—and his trust was well reposed—that if he just gave us the Keys of heaven, all would be well. Or comparatively so.

And it was. For quite a long time we matriculated at Gonville and Keys College, London, assisted at frequent intervals by the vigorous personality (that is the right American word, isn't it?) of Miss Georgia O'Ramey. Then the Bold Cochran took in (or let out) a reef, and we all beat up in another direction.

Our ports of call still remained London, Paris, and New York—by way of Saragossa. But the entertainment provided by the crew was somewhat varied. *Imprimis*, we missed Laura on the Plaza, and one regretted the absence of that sleek head and those flashing combs. Of all the surging throng of Peninsular *danseuses* with whom the vogue of castanet-clicking brunettes has irradiated our foot-lights, she was one of the most attractive. So one hopes that the Spanish Embassy—or whoever it is that books their engagements—will take due note of our favourable impression and return her to the Central London *Industriegebiet* without delay.

Not that her substitutes in the Spanish scene were inadequate. But far otherwise. The Gomez Trio (if that engaging family group really comes from the desert of Aragon, how can they bear to let the programme describe them as "the Saragossa Dancers" and rob their native heath of its legitimate "z's"?), are active and charming. Their dancing had something of the rustic cheerfulness of the village dancers who used to stamp and clash staves at the old Spanish Exhibition at Earl's Court in the days before the civil servants got to Warwick Road—and, indeed, before there was a war for the Disposal Board to dispose of the aftermath of (Young Man, eschew prepositions left unguarded at the ends of sentences).

Because there are two sorts—at least—of Spanish dancing. Not counting the kind that the *mezzo* who has learned to sing but not to dance does in the second act of "Carmen." There is the authentic comb-and-mantilla kind which stays rooted to a single spot on the stage and sways at us Orientaly. And there is the jollier, more rustic kind, to which the vigorous Gomez family belongs, which bounds and

stamps and clatters the castanets, and smiles merrily at us, while we pound our hands to pieces in applause.

That is the first new sail that Mr. Cochran has rigged on the old ship Nelson. The other is a larger, more sombre-looking affair. In between that awful, old-man sneeze with which Mr. Keys inundates the Front at Brighton and the more familiar Haselden vision of a dear little man in a big top-hat, an enterprising management has inserted the great staring mask of classical tragedy. From the Comédie Française. And all, as the College of Heralds would say, proper.

In the midst of this lively evening of extravaganza and topical jokes one finds, like an unexploded shell in a plum-pudding, a slab of Racine. The author of the programme ecstatically announces it as "Racine's Immortal Tragedy 'Andromaque.'" And it all fills one with a vague feeling that in a few minutes the Headmaster will close the proceedings of Speech Day with a few Valedictory Remarks on the striking success of Honey-bubble tertius in carrying off a Blee Exhibition at St. Willibald's College, Durham, and the elevation of "one of our most eminent alumni, Sir Sampson Delisle, K.B.E., to the responsible position of Permanent Inauditor to the Controller-General of Telephones will you kindly leave the Hall simultaneously and without crushing one another Hickory minor, *don't stare so.*" And all that sort of thing.

A queer thing, the conventional manner of classical French tragedy. And M. de Max and his assistants do it. To a nicety. Those smooth tones rise and fall in inevitable undulations. Those rhetorical chests are beaten by those eloquent fists. The bosoms heave, the foreheads are slapped, the eyes roll with mechanical regularity. It is all terrifically taut and tense and terrible. And never for one little flicker of a tiny moment has one the illusion of being anywhere but in a theatre listening to a French play.

This is no disparagement of the able little company which performed it. They are excellent. And they do their job admirably. One only questions whether their job is (dramatically) worth doing. But so it is done every night of the week in the great State theatres of Paris, and one must thank an ingenious management for importing so successfully the atmosphere of Abroad. One half expected to walk out on to a broad, badly lit Paris street after an unsatisfactory struggle with an elderly harpy for one's overcoat. *Viva*, as they used to say on the coast of Chili, *viva Cochran!*



THE "CHU CHIN CHOWS" WATCHING THE STAGE v. PRESS SOCCER MATCH: MISS LILY BRAYTON, DACIA, AND MR. OSCAR ASCHE AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.

Mr. Oscar Asche and his wife, Miss Lily Brayton, were among the many stage celebrities who went to the Stamford Bridge Sporting Carnival in aid of the London hospitals, and watched the Soccer match between the Stage and Press. Dacia is the chief dancer in "Chu Chin Chow."

Photograph by Tom Aiken.



"LEAGUE" GIRLS WATCHING ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL: AMERICAN BEAUTIES AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.

A bunch of the American beauties from "The League of Nations" at the Oxford attended the Stamford Bridge Sporting Carnival and watched the Stage v. Press football match, which the Press won by four goals to two.

Photograph by Tom Aiken.

Only excellence made the world use

Pears'
SOAP
for 130 years!

It is surprising that many people in these days should still misunderstand the motive of advertising and still regard with a certain amount of suspicion any firm which has enough confidence in its own productions to proclaim that they are good. The cost of advertising in their opinion, is added on to the price of the goods, and the public have to pay through the nose for what is merely an exhibition of self conceit on the part of the manufacturer.

The sober truth is of course that the increase of trade, which invariably results when a valuable commodity is intelligently advertised, is so great that the manufacturer, after paying all advertising expenses, is able, by the economies of mass production, actually to sell at a lower price than would have been possible if he had never advertised at all. If, therefore, you buy a well-advertised article you are getting the highest value for your money.

And there is another point to remember; A firm that advertises gives hostages to fortune. If you buy a well-advertised article and *dislike* it you will take very good care to get something else next time. The very advertisements that made you buy it in the first instance will simply remind you of your disappointment. A good advertisement may make a first sale, but only the qualities of the articles themselves can make people repeat their purchase. Thus, a firm which proclaims its wares as the best obtainable, the wares themselves on trial proving inferior, might for a very short time make a profit through trial orders; but the prosperity would not last six months. In a short time the firm would be dead.

PEARS' SOAP has been advertised perhaps more than any article in the world. It has been bought by the public for 130 years, and it is actually more popular to-day than it has ever been before. That is because, when we say it is the best and purest toilet soap, the public by long experience know that we speak the truth. It is the best. If you yourself, by some chance, have not yet used it, you should do so at once; it is a duty you owe your skin.



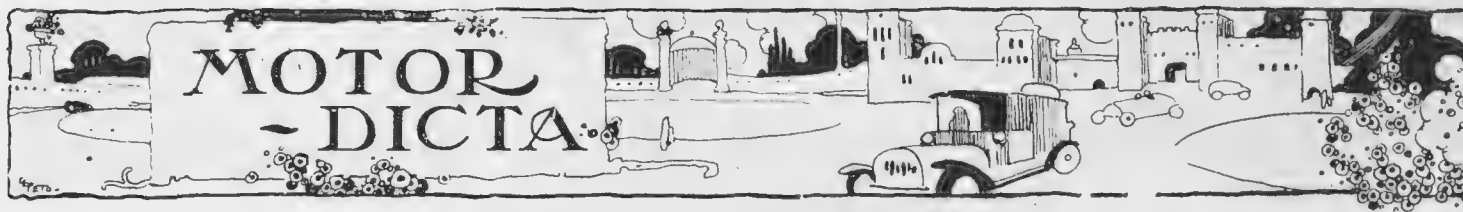
Above is an actual photograph of a tablet of Pears' Transparent Soap taken against the light.



The above wrapper has represented Soap excellence for over 100 years.

Matchless for the Complexion.

Have you used one of *Pears'* Golden Series?



THE RACING SEASON OPENS: THE UNTRIED LIGHT CAR. By GERALD BISS.

OWING to that inconveniently unstable cipher in chronology, Easter, everything is far too forward this year—even in Nature, which is trying to live up not to the printed letter of the calendar, but to the events which hinge annually upon this festival. So here we are with the Lincoln and the National doubles all settled—at least, I hope so!—and on Monday next, this premature Bank Holiday, the motor-racing season commences at Brooklands. The track can be as bleak as it can be blazing, and frankly, a later Easter suits the B.A.R.C. book much better; but, all things considered, for such an early opening the entries are not only quite good, but better than were expected. All the races have filled, there will be a long programme from noon onwards, and there will be some quite interesting racing machines to be seen. Last year's twelve-cylinder Sunbeam, the 450 h.p. flyer, which has not yet succeeded just at the psychological moment in setting up new records for the track, will be out in the hands of René Thomas, the famous French driver, who is to drive one of the "straight-eight" Sunbeams in the Grand Prix; while the Indianapolis six-cylinder, driven by Geach last year, will be piloted by André Boillot, another of the Sunbeam team at La Mans.

An Onomatopœic Unknown. Further, a Sunbeam has been entered for the Three Litre event, the Grand Prix class; and presumably it is the first of the reported "straight-eights" out for a trial spin in public. In this event, Segrave, who is to drive a Talbot-Darracq in the Grand Prix, will be out on his Bugatti; and Malcolm Campbell, who has obviously reconsidered his decision to chuck racing, will drive a Talbot, which presumably is not one of the "S.T.D." Grand Prix types. Another Talbot-Darracq Grand Prix driver who will be out on Monday is Count Zobrowski, whose father, it will be recalled, was killed in the early days of motoring, essaying the La Turbie record at Monte Carlo, on one of the early powerful "Mercs"; and he will drive the mystery machine of the meeting—the Chitti-Chitti-Bang-Bang, an onomatopœic monster, unconnected with any known maker. In a racing chassis (unspecified) is an engine also unspecified, an aerial six-cylinder 165 by 180 mm., which gives the biggest rating in the R.A.C. book (101-h.p.). The Chitti-Chitti is fairly wropt in mystery; but it is reported to be a flyer, and capable possibly of extending even the Sunbeam twelve, which works out at 106-h.p., I believe. These of themselves provide the elements of an excellent afternoon's sport. Up to the time of writing there is nothing official

Grand Prix Rumours.

Meanwhile, as to the Grand Prix itself, the actual date has been slightly altered, having been put forward one day from Sunday, July 24, to Monday, July 25, in order that the Motor-Cycling Grand Prix, which is a big draw with the masses, may be run on the Sunday, which in France is their day off. The double-fee entries only added four in the end: all "straight-eight" Duesenbergs from the States—two to be driven by Americans (Tommy Milton and Hearne), and two



THE ANTI-MUD-SPLASH CAMPAIGN: THE TARGET AT THE CAMBERWELL BOROUGH COUNCIL TESTS.

A series of tests for anti-mud-splashing contrivances attached to motor-vehicles was held at Red Post Hill, Herne Hill, recently under the auspices of the Camberwell Borough Council. Our photograph shows the judges making notes on the height of the different mud splashes.

by Albert Guyot and Inghibert. This makes a final total of nineteen in all; and, as the four Ballots and, if rumour can be believed, all the seven "S.T.D." cars will be "straight-eights," it will only leave the three Fiats and the singleton Mathis to represent other types—unless they also prove to be "straight-eights"! If it be true that the whole "S.T.D." team—two Sunbeams, two Talbots and three Talbot-Darracqs (so called)—are to be of one design and built at Wolverhampton, it is a farce to call them anything but Sunbeams; and it is certainly contrary to the original intention as outlined to me by "Contley" Walker last December, of three separate and individual models, each built in its own factory, although actually designed by Coatalen—a more sporting and interesting proposition altogether. As noted above, René Thomas and André Boillot will drive the Sunbeams, Lee Guinness the other Talbot, and Zobrowski, Segrave, and Cooper the Talbot-Darracqs. It is rumoured that at Le Mans there is to be a flying start with the nineteen competitors all in line.

Forward, the Light Brigade.

S. F. Edge, whose return to active participation in automobile manufacture I noted last week, has not been long in making his resurrection felt. He is actively urging a thorough R.A.C. trial this summer for light cars—1500 miles on the road, and 500 on the track, all out, at makers' claimed speeds—under the most severe conditions, and every detail to be officially recorded and marked. I doubt if he will pull it off this year, although I am absolutely with him, as the post-war light car in many instances is an entirely new post-war proposition, resting upon its own presumed, if not presumptuous, claims. Such a trial would be only fair to the public, and certainly in the best interests of really sound manufacturers. The post-war spoof stage of blue prints, bluff, and deposits has blown its own bottom out, and now we urgently require in the best interests of all, trade and owner alike, to get down to proven facts; and after the Vauxhall's second plucky and sensible big cut in prices last week, the light brigade will have to look to things pretty shrewdly from an entirely new angle. If not this year, next year such a trial should be placed in the forefront of the year's programme; and if disappointed this year, I can assure "S. F." that it will greatly benefit the "A.C." itself to put up a solo performance upon his own suggested lines under official R.A.C. observation. Let him give a lead.



SHOOTING THE SNOW AWAY: A "WATER-GUN" TO CLEAR THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.

The latest device from "the other side" is illustrated by this snapshot. It is a snow-flusher, invented by Fire-Chief Kenion, of New York City, and consists of a "water-gun" operated from the front of a baby tractor, and fed from the high-pressure fire service plant through a hose. The gun spouts water at a pressure of 150 pounds against the snow-piles.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

as to the rumoured five-hundred-mile three-litre International Grand Prix on the track after the French event; but many things would surprise me less. I must leave it at that for the present, as some people are apt to crab things by being premature and too clever with their unofficial announcements.

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the Railway Carriage
Luggage Rack.



**SOLID LEATHER
FITTED SUIT CASE**

Gentleman's 22-inch solid leather Fitted
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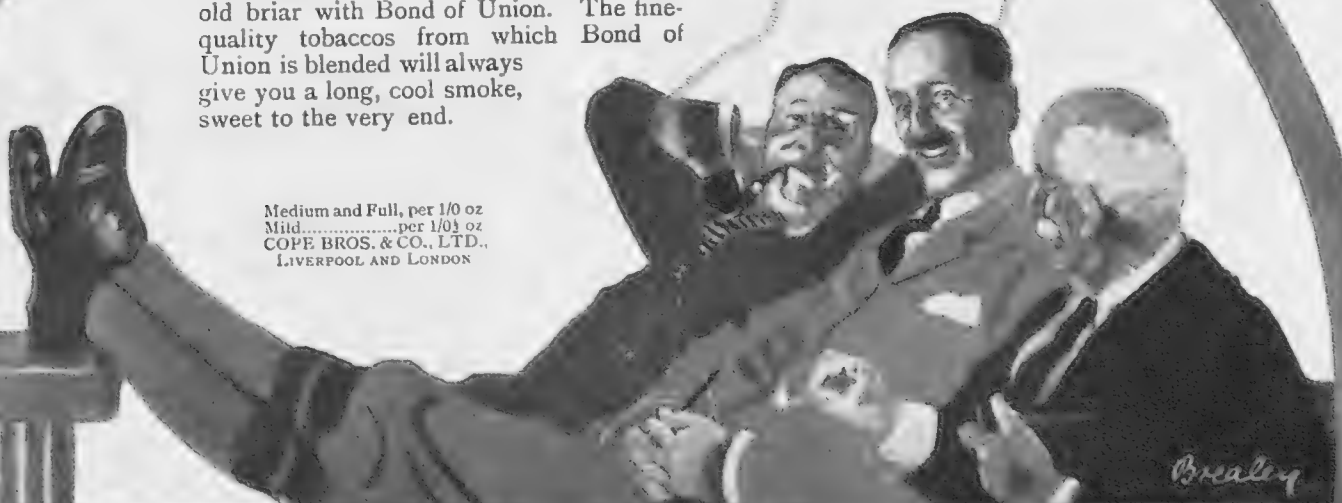
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VOGUES & VANITIES

By CARMEN of COCKAYNE



About Beauty Spots.

I feel sure, though I can't honestly say I have read, or even seen it, that someone at some time has written a book about the beauty spots of London. No doubt the parks have an honoured place in its pages; perhaps there is a word for the Embankment when all the trees are newly out; and if it was written before the war, then quite certainly St. James' Park has an extra-special bit of praise all to itself. Quite right, too; the parks are lovely when they have really forgotten that such a thing as winter exists. Just now St. James' Park must be an exception; but it will, one hopes, recover in time from the hut rash from which it has suffered so severely during the last few years. Just the same, from the fashion-writer's point of view, the most attractive beauty spots in London in spring time are the dress shops. Leaves and flowers are all very well in their way and in their proper place; but as we haven't quite gone back to Garden of Eden fashions yet, practical women can't dress themselves in either. Hence the



Of taffeta, with a "slope back" crown for extra comfort.

importance of the dress shops mentioned, and particularly of Stagg and Mantle in Leicester Square, where the dress and millinery salons are quite as gay as the flower-beds in Hyde Park, and where the most attractive wraps intended as a protection against March and April winds, if and when they blow, abound.

Economy and Chic.

Ask any woman what she thinks of economy, and she'll tell you, with a sigh, that circumstances compel her to make a virtue of necessity in this direction. "My dear," she will probably add, "I simply haven't a rag fit to wear. Two years has this frock done duty, and I dread the time when I can't hide it under my old fur coat." It would be sad beyond endurance if it were not for the fact that Fashion is not quite so extravagant a jade as she is painted, nor is good dressing necessarily a sign of a thoughtless, not to say reckless, money-spender. I am not going to say that every dress artist has decided to abandon the use of expensive materials—everyone to her taste and purse—but it is the most foolish kind of mistake to imagine that because you can't pay twenty-five, or twenty, or fifteen guineas for a frock, you must resign yourself to play the rôle of dowd.

See for Yourself.

Go along to Stagg and Mantle and see for yourselves how they solve the problem of how to dress well on a small allowance. Ella Fulton gives a clue to their methods here; surely it is worth following up. As a rule, I don't deal in prices on this page; but as the fawn gabardine gown on the left is less than five guineas, I mention the fact for the benefit of those burdened with the anxiety to make both ends meet on an income whose purchasing power continues to be inadequate to the demands made on it. The embroidered motif in silk of a contrasting shade is an attractive decorative touch; and as the model can be had, too, in nigger, and navy, and black, and other shades, its sphere of usefulness is practically unlimited.

Other Kinds of Beauty.

"Buy in haste and repent at leisure" is a saying the truth of which many women have learnt by unpleasant experience. If they consider the matter they'll probably find that more than one bitterly regretted dress "mistake" can be traced to laziness in studying every aspect of fashion before coming to a definite decision. Now, at the salons in Leicester Square the shopper runs no risk of doing anything of the kind, simply because practically every whim of fashion is illustrated in terms of different materials and colours. Here is a fine copper silk stockinet, most attractively embroidered with wee steel beads; there a navy serge walking frock, redeemed from over-severity by reason of a collar and cuffs of gay foulard. To the right is a French model in blue serge, with graduated motifs in scarlet silk worked in "rays" down the front of the skirt, and on the corsage and sleeves. An additional "springy" look is given by a collar and cuffs of fine white organdie. Over on the left is an afternoon frock with the new long waistline. The bodice part is of mouse-coloured crêpe-de-Chine, brocaded with rose-coloured velvet; the skirt is crêpe-de-Chine, or there is taffeta, if you prefer it, with a sort of apron tunic effect in front, and a cactus motif—the former composed of bands of taffeta mounted on chiffon, the latter of aquamarine-and-silver tinsel ribbon.

About Wraps.

As to wraps, fashion seems to have decided that you can't have too much of a good thing, hence the pleating in the black satin cloak here shown. The white stitching is for contrast, and if you don't care about it, you can always have the plain black satin coat, with oyster-grey revers, or a beige-coloured cloak, the gabardine used for which is accordion-pleated on to a plain circular yoke and shows pipings of navy silk. Other cloaks, in silk stockinet, are light and delightfully adaptable, because by a clever contrivance they can be worn straight or draped at the discretion of the wearer. Taffeta coats are other alternatives, so you see that dress artists have grasped the fact that it takes all sorts to make a world.



March winds give positive pleasure when one can face them in any one of the toilettes here shown.

A Millinery Note.

By her hat you shall know the smart woman. Not everyone that walks into a millinery salon, sees a French model, and says: "That's my hat," comes out becomingly crowned. As to mere modishness, that's another matter; but then, being fashionably dressed is a very, very different thing from being well dressed, as I think I have more than once pointed out. But to come to the hats on this page. The one of champagne-coloured silk, with a wreath of coloured flowers and a twist of yellowish velvet ribbon, is specially suited

to youth, and was designed by Marguerite and Léonie. Cross-osprey plays a prominent part in the toque. That one with the coat frock is of blue pedal trimmed with navy ribbon to match. Next comes pedal with pink rose-petals pressed flat round the crown, and two frivolous-looking ribbon loops for more decoration. The third model is pink, with loops of pink velvet ribbon on the crown and falling in long loops at one side. All are French models, but all can be copied; so that if a Paris hat is beyond you, there is no reason to despair.



Osprey is still as popular as ever. It really does "make" a hat.

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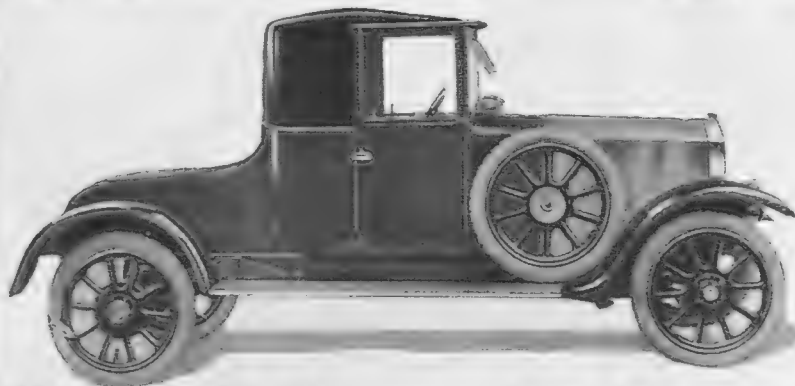
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ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Opening of the Season.

majority there is a line drawn between periods when one may or may not be expected to play as much as is desired or possible. Such line is evidently drawn at this period of Easter, and, in the case of those who think largely of competitions, at the University match which takes place at Hoylake on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. Henceforth, the words are "this season" and not "next season," as during recent months. The programme of public golf is impressive; but a fear that was felt some weeks ago is being confirmed, in that the list is bulging too much, and now there is clashing and doubling, and some complaint on the part of promoters who feel they may not receive sufficient publicity for their hundreds spent. But there will be merit in this if it leads to the abandonment in future years of some of these new and unwanted tournaments. The Amateur Championship at Hoylake near the end of May will be no worse for the fact that fewer Americans will be there than was once expected. Nobody has any idea, especially after last year's experiences, who should be made favourites, and the only name one has even heard mentioned in this connection is that of Mr. E. W. Holderness, who has developed a remarkably fine game. Nothing, however, would be more absurd than prophecy now. A month later the Open Championship occurs at St. Andrews, and there may be something of the same duel as last year between Duncan and Mitchell, without its strange vicissitudes. Some of Duncan's greatest successes and failures have both been accomplished here, and Mitchell's greatest achievement, in the "unofficial championship" of two years ago. Perhaps the latter will be favourite. Then the programme is packed with all sorts of minor tournaments and championships of small interest to private players

Clubs and Competitions.

Such a consideration forces the point of club competition programmes, which are in this sense of much greater consequence than the list of public events in which the mighty participate, and which even the proletariat watch. These programmes maintain a steady monotony which neither wars nor any other upheavals seem to disturb. Then there are spring and autumn meetings, which are often mere orgies or miseries of stroke and bogey play. There is no imagination in the arrangement of these programmes, and conservatism sits too hard upon them. Not one club in fifty in the country runs a match-play tournament on what is known as the American system, though there is nothing American about it—each playing against all. This class of competition, however, especially when limited to small numbers, such as eight or ten, is one

At this solemn moment we are entering upon a new golf season. This game, as we always say, in a sense has no season, but for perhaps a

of the best for town and suburban clubs; and various sets of eight or ten may be made up according to the results of a qualifying competition beforehand.

A System in America.

The Americans actually have a system for open tournaments which is practically universal among them and an obvious success, but which promoters and committees here simply will not try, because, as is strongly suspected, of some peculiar national prejudices. At an open meeting at which golfers of all classes may compete, a qualifying competition without handicaps is played, by strokes, and the competitors in order of result are then parcelled out into first eight, second eight, third eight, and so forth, for as many eights as can be made; or the number in each set, or "flight," as the Americans call it, may be sixteen. Then it is match-play by handicap, and sometimes in the case of sets of sixteen or thirty-two there are new tournaments for those beaten in the first round. Much of this may sound like an excess of competition, but the great virtue of such arrangements is that the general interest is well maintained, and most are spared immediate and crushing disappointment, such as happens in stroke play, which is a good consideration on such occasions. At some of the more popular seaside holiday resorts such a competition as this would surely be successful.

Oxford v. Cambridge.

Now, as to the University match which is coming on so soon, Oxford will again be favourites at Hoylake next week, and they may atone for the astonishing defeat they suffered at Sunningdale last year. They are apparently appreciably stronger than their rivals; but, as we know so well, and especially in connection with these matches, nothing is more uncertain than golf. The engagement now becomes a two-days affair, with foursomes on the first day. In Messrs. Tolley and Wethered the Dark Blues retain their two stars; and there are other interesting features of their team, including two left-handed players, and Mr. Malik, the Hindoo, who played in the University match just before the war. This seven years' extension of his must be something like a record. Each of the Universities has now won an equal number of matches, so that the victors of next week will take the lead in the lists. The change in system made this time is only the second in the history of the match. Some have wondered why the foursomes are played first on this occasion, contrary to the usual rule. It will be perceived that, as there are only half the number of foursome matches as singles, and each match counts the same, if the singles were played first and one side or the other obtained a very long lead, the foursomes might not matter at all. As it is, the issue must necessarily be left open until the second day, and it will rest upon the singles—which is as it should be.



TO PLAY IN THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP AT TURNBERRY: MISS ALEXA WILLIAMSON STIRLING, THE YOUNG WOMAN CHAMPION FROM THE U.S.A.

Miss Alexa Stirling, the young champion golfer from the United States, will compete in the British Championship which begins at Turnberry, Ayrshire, on May 30. She is said to be the best woman golfer America has ever produced, is quite imperturbable, and practically never makes a mistake. She does not specialise in long hitting, but extreme accuracy is her "long suit." Miss Stirling comes from Georgia, and is an accomplished violinist as well as a champion golfer.—[Photograph by S. and G.]



GOLF AT THE GEZIRA SPORTING CLUB, CAIRO: ARAB CADDIES.

A good deal of golf is played at Cairo, and the Gezira Sporting Club boasts quite a good course. Our photograph shows the Arab caddies and Mr. J. L. Hastie, the golf manager.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

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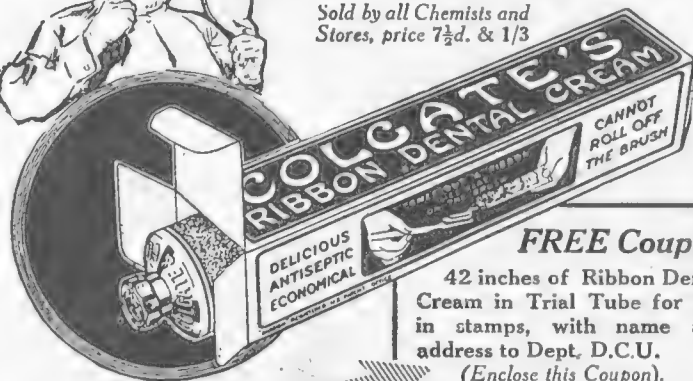
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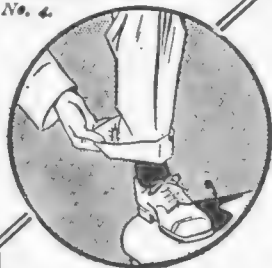
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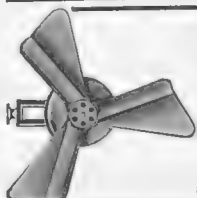
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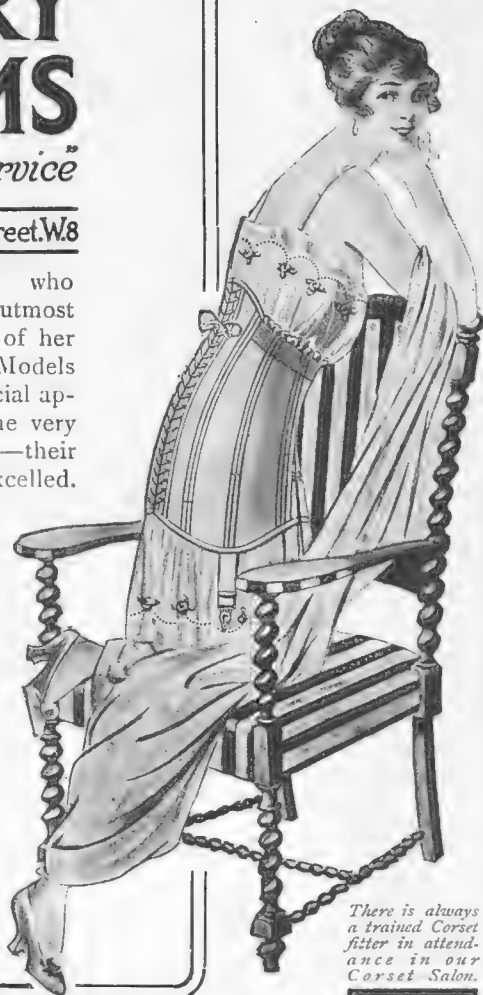
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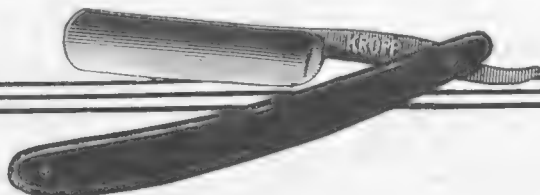
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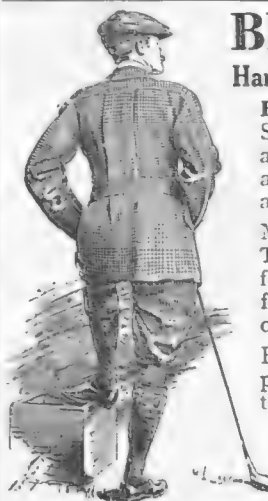
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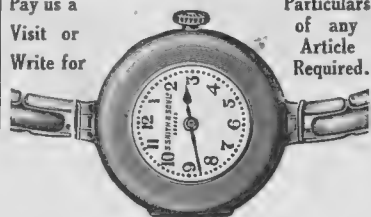
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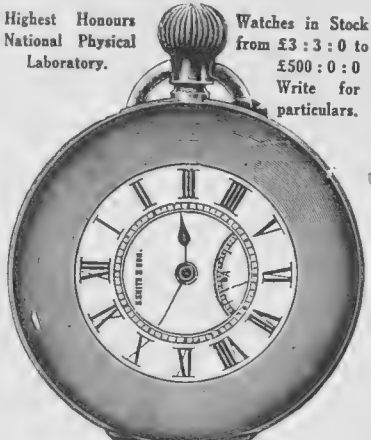


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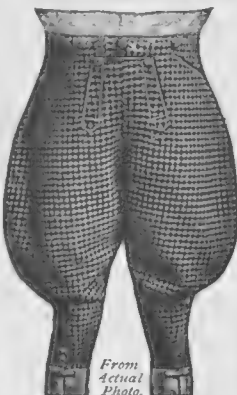
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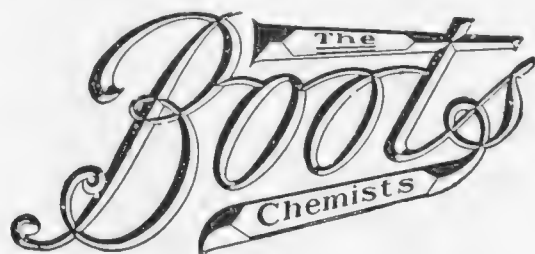
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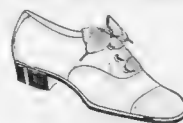
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Optimism!



THE POLITE MOTORIST (*to the novice who has "piled up" his car*): Perhaps it would be better if I drove the car back myself. What do you think?

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

TALES WITH A STING—QUARTET.—[Continued from page 442.]

Anthony Gordon's bland blue eyes twinkled. "I'll show you a way of putting yourself in the right—at least, I would, if I didn't know your rigid objection to all forms of—diplomacy, shall we call it?"

Pam nestled a warm, flushed cheek against his sleeve—"Dear Uncle," wooing him to speech.

"Ring her up on the telephone," he murmured absently, "the very moment you get home. Be in a terrific rage—'Why didn't you answer my letter?' before she has time to say a word. Insist on that letter. Hint that there was an important question on the third page of it, to which you had been waiting impatiently for her reply. Coldly disbelieve any assertion that the letter had failed to turn up. Finally—'It's very odd . . . I don't like to think that that particular letter went astray; still, if you say so—'"

A clear bubble of laughter from Pam showed that the Best in her was certainly not called forth by her Uncle Anthony.

"We used to call that form of subtlety 'Carrying the War into the Enemy's Country,'" he continued, lazily lighting a cigar. "It's a fact, my dear, that there's no letter so non-existent that you can't materialise it by believing in it sufficiently." Then he broke off—"I was very much honoured by Monsieur René also paying me a visit this year. . . . Are you two any happier, Pam?"

"Much," replied Pam flippantly; "only not with each other!"

Alethea replaced the telephone receiver on its hook. She was frightened.

Pamela had been so strange, so unlike herself—a usually light-hearted self, faintly slashed by gleams of mockery. But this evening her voice had been hostile and indignant—and yet, Alethea was sure, embarrassed, embarrassment which had thickened to mystery towards the close of the interview: "I don't like to think that that particular letter went astray—"

And René had mentioned, before they went to Brighton, that Pam was growing suspicious.

Yes, Alethea was badly frightened. Obviously, Pam had found out that she and René were all-in-all to each other—"that I am all-in-all to poor René" in Alethea's language!—and had written to her about it.

What was in that letter, the letter which had miscarried?

Had Pam threatened to tell Gill?

With a sick throb of the heart, Alethea realised that the one thing she dreaded was this. Her husband, good-natured, laconic cipher as he may have seemed hitherto, had ugly possibilities when confronted by a breach of faith; they called him a hard man, in business. And somehow, she could not quite vision herself throwing up her halo in order to go out into the wilderness with René Fayette. René was not

worth a halo. Would Gill accept her assurances that she had only been bent on leading a sinner back to the rocky path of virtue? She was uneasily certain that Gill would not.

But Pam might. Pam was more credulous. And, after all, she had always rather neglected René herself—"You're such a Child still, Pam my darling, you didn't hear that a man was crying aloud for help. But I—I heard, and recklessly went to the rescue with my lamp. . . ." Alethea had got as far as the lamp, and was rather relishing it, when, with another pang, worse than the last, it struck her that it was little good persuading Pam not to tell Gill—if—Gill—knew—already!

For letters that vanish must vanish into somewhere.

And it was uncanny that this fatal letter in particular should have gone astray.

What more likely than that by some wanton accident it had fallen into Gill's hands—than that he had put it away, was brooding over it? . . . His manner had been odd, the last day or two. . . . At any moment now he might accuse her. . . .

For twenty-four hours Alethea was the victim of her obsession. Her enflamed nerves imagined something sinister and foreboding in her husband's most trivial word, his most casual look. At last she felt that certainty, any certainty, would be better than the strain of waiting for it. Damocles may have felt very much the same.

"Has he got the letter—has he? . . ."

"Gill, have you read that letter? . . ."

And yet, just supposing he had not, she would, by asking, throw away her only slender chance of pledging Pam to let Gill remain ignorant.

Alethea determined to force open Gill's locked desk in his study. He kept all documents of any importance in that desk. If she found Pam's letter there—well, at least hope would be numb and dead . . . and at rest. It was racking her now.

Gill would not be back from town for an hour yet.

Alethea went into his study, locked the door, hurt her soft hands breaking open the lock of the desk with a poker. Then feverishly she rummaged.

And found, not one, but several of Pam's letters. Love-letters to Gill, carefully and tenderly cherished by him. The most recent were from Brighton. . . .

THE END.

The Editor regrets that Mrs. Brown, whose photograph appeared in *The Sketch* of March 2, was incorrectly described as being the wife of Captain W. P. Browne, the Master of the Portman. She is Mrs. Harold Browne, his cousin.

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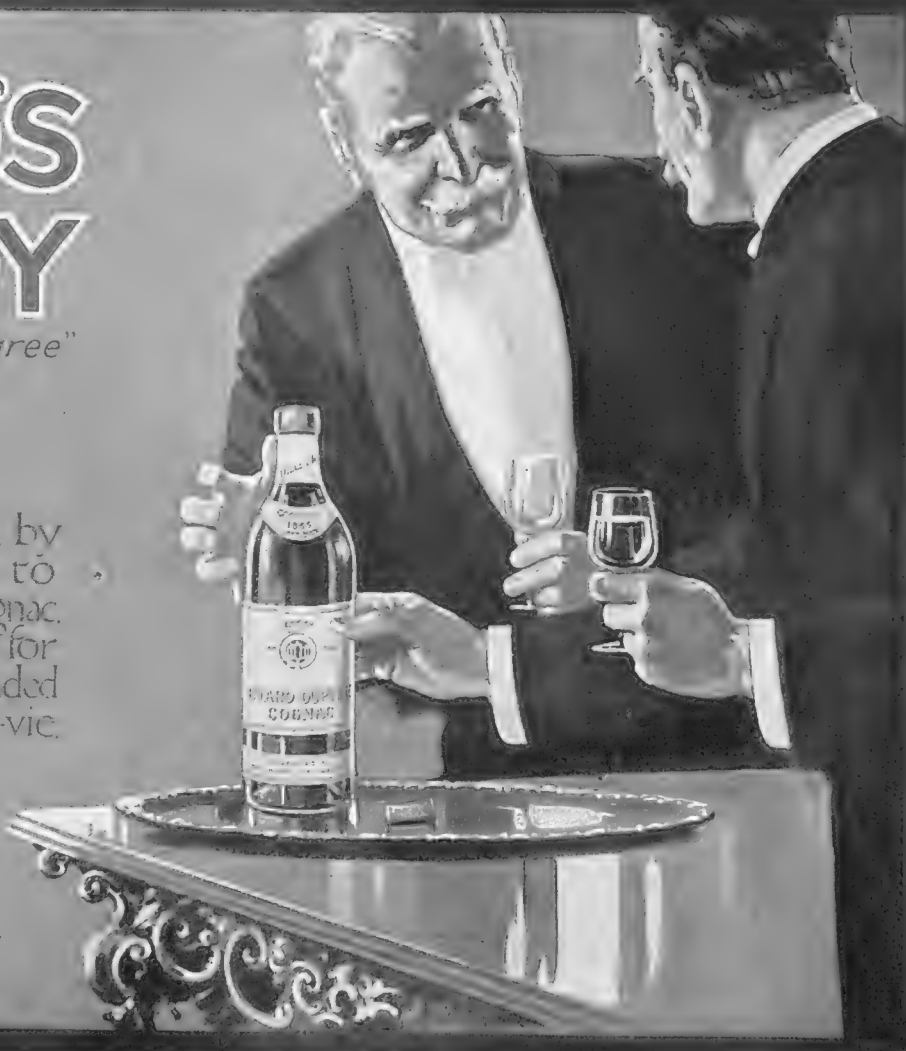
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An Easter Surprise!

Mythology tells of the gifts offered by the elements as worthy of the Deity—a rainbow by Air—a meteor by Fire—a ruby by Earth—a pearl by the Sea, and—it is related—the Pearl found such favour that it was worn on the heart.

As a gift, this immortalised Queen of Gems is only within the power of a few. For the majority, however, in search of fitting gifts to celebrate joyous Eastertide, there is the unfailing resource of **Ciro's** exquisite, realistic copies, which have all the fascination and allure of the real Gem.

Descriptive booklet No. 5 giving illustrations and details of our latest jewellery mounted with **Ciro Pearls**, will be helpful in choosing Easter Gifts.

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On receipt of One Guinea, we will send you a Necklet of No. 1 quality **Ciro Pearls**, 16 ins. long, complete with case, or a ring, brooch, ear-rings, or any other jewel mounted with **Ciro Pearls**. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within seven days and we will refund your money.

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Our Showrooms are on the First Floor, over Lloyd's Bank.

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Royal Favourites in Flowers.

The visit of the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, and Princess Mary to Knowsley was in its way almost unique, but not quite, because the same Royal party visited the late Lord Herbert Vane Tempest at Plas Machynlleth. Otherwise, I cannot recollect a quartet of the most important Royalties going together to any house. Their Majesties' train was most beautifully decorated with flowers for the run up on Wednesday, and again for the run down on Monday morning. The King is, like King Edward, very fond of flowers and appreciative of beautiful decorations. The L.N.W.R., knowing this, engaged his Majesty's favourite florist for the occasion, and the flowers were just right—choice, and not too many or too heavily scented. The King loves carnations, and the Queen loves roses. The Prince of Wales has no special pet flower; Princess Mary's favourites are lilies-of-the-valley.

Wifeless for the Moment.

The King's clothes are always just right. On Friday at Sandown his brown suit was very dark, and his long straight overcoat matched it; his bowler hat was a paler brown, and his buttonhole was of violets. The Prince of Wales was not much in the Royal Pavilion, but was watching weighing-in and other mysteries behind the scenes of chasing and racing, for which sports his Royal Highness is evidently going in keenly. His was a grey herring-bone tweed suit and overcoat, and he wore a very dark red tie and a black bowler hat. The Duke of York and Prince Henry were also in grey tweeds, and all wore drab spats. The excitement of Saturday was the Allies' Race for Allied officers, who rode in uniform. Soldiers past and present brought their womenfolk. The Duke of Abercorn had the Duchess with him. When I saw Lord Londonderry and Lord Blandford they were for the moment wifeless.

A Recipe for a Dazzling Smile.

We all know the attraction of a smile which discloses a row of dazzling white teeth, and it is nice to realise that it is quite easy to possess this charm, and at the same time to rejoice in a delicious fresh feeling of mouth and gums. Pepsodent, the latest day dentifrice, is the magic toilet requisite which works this charm. Anyone can see if what I say is not true by cutting from *The Sketch* a coupon for a ten-day trial tube, which will be sent to any

address from the Pepsodent Company, Department 128, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.4. It is a delicious preparation, and combines the highest hygienic properties with a delightful flavour. In many ways it recalls our old pre-war favourite, Odol.

Wavy, Not Bobby.

Bobbed hair is out of fashion; the Prime Minister's cannot be called "bobbed," because he lengthened his to the once fashionable bob, while women shortened theirs. Wavy hair is now the rage, and the Eugène sectional waver is the means by which it is successfully achieved. The salons at 23, Grafton Street turn out the waviest, most natural-looking heads; and, what is to the purpose, it is permanent. This waver can be regulated to give firm waves near the roots of the hair, and wider undulations outward, so that nature is copied. This is to be a season of careful hair-dressing, and those who desire to be in the movement should write to the inventor of the Eugène combined sectional heater, for a booklet explaining the process more lucidly and at greater length than I can do.

Duly and Truly Inspected.

Under fringes of smilax, from circles of smilax and groups of daffodils to the music of Mendelssohn and other masters of melody and harmony, and between palms they came; the newest of the clothes for the coming months on mannequins who appeared first on a small stage with limelight, then descended and walked between rows upon rows of admiring ladies: this was at the Dress Parade of Gooch's famous house in Knightsbridge. Clusters of lilies-of-the-valley were given to us by a pretty girl in a lovely pink summer frock, and such a becoming hat. The models, it was explained to us by a master of ceremonies in a scarlet coat, were all—save those from Paris—made in the firm's own rooms, designed by their own designers, and, indeed, they reflected upon Gooch's the greatest credit, and bore out the famous motto of the house: "Vogue and Value." There were jumpers and skirts, coats and skirts, cloaks and skirts, capes and skirts, in the greatest variety; all had some original points, and each was smart and fascinating. There were afternoon gowns, race gowns, garden-party gowns, rest gowns, dinner gowns, ball gowns, frocks for girls, and, in fact, every kind of frock and wrap that any woman could possibly want for spring and summer. The Show was a great success—so well managed and so much to see that all felt satisfied that the *crème de la crème* had been duly and truly inspected at Gooch's. Also we admired the remarkably neat foot-wear; and at Gooch's it can always be made to match any frock by their own skilled workmen.

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of the 16-20 h.p. Ruston-Hornsby, the simplicity of its design and its ease of control combine to make it the ideal car for the owner-driver.

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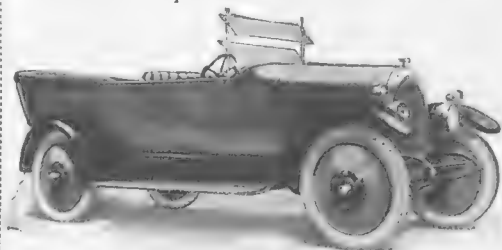
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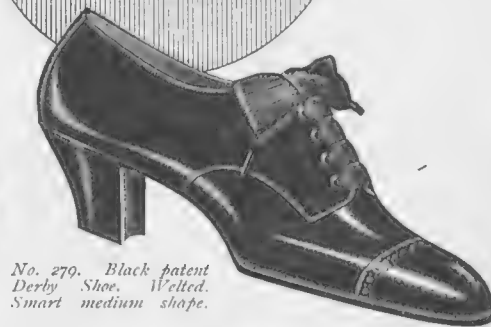
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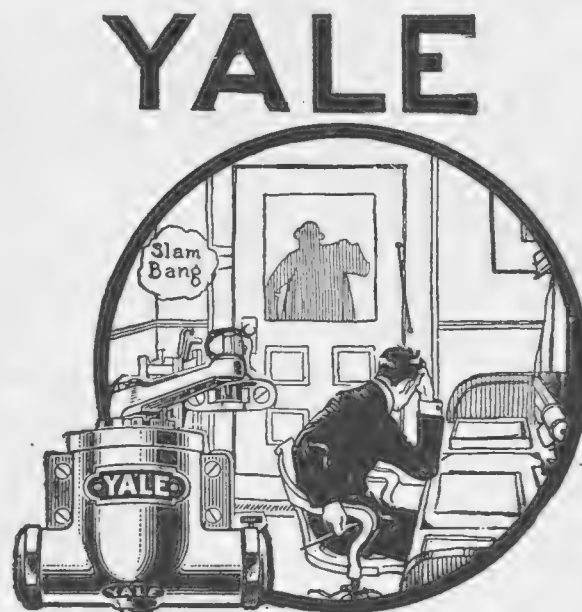
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CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

REPARATIONS.

THE details of the provisions of the German Reparations (Recovery) Bill are now available, and it is possible to form some idea of the feasibility of the scheme. First of all, it is quite clear that certificates of origin will have to be introduced again—and that, at any rate, will not be popular with the trading community; and, secondly, the prospect of the revision of invoice values by the Board of Trade opens a terrible vista to the poor importer. Both these safeguards are obviously essential to the proper enforcement of the provisions of the Bill, but we fear they will add enormously to the complications and difficulties of business at a time when its simplification is of vital interest not only to this country, but to the whole of Europe.

However, destructive criticism is never very profitable, and, in spite of the obvious drawbacks of the scheme, we have not seen a practical alternative put forward, and so we hope importers and others who may be affected will co-operate loyally with the Government and the Board of Trade to reduce the inconvenience to a minimum. If we don't all agree with the method, the object is certainly deserving!

ADVERTISING AND ARITHMETIC.

We are indebted to *L'Etoile Belge* for the following circular which was sent out by a Hamburg house to its clients. It reads—

"Germany has got to pay 226 milliards of gold marks as war indemnity. This represents, at to-day's exchange, 2 trillions 468 milliards of marks; in figures, 2,468,000,000,000. Since Jesus Christ was born there have been $1920 \times 365 \times 24 \times 60 \times 60 = 60,549,120,000$ seconds. For each second since the birth of Jesus Christ Germany will have to pay 40 marks. It is true that she will have forty-two years to do it in.

"Before you decide to pay remember this: there is no better way in which you could lay out your money than in buying our cog-wheels, which will last practically for ever."

Surely this takes some beating as an example of "Mentalité Allemande."

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"To buy Easter eggs for the kiddies, and I told him—"

"Yes, and that's a nice thing too!" exclaimed The Jobber indignantly. "She can get millions of eggs locally—"

"But I don't want millions—"

"And yet she insists upon capering up to town with me—"

"Accompanied by the wife of what you always call your best broker—"

The Broker raised his hat and bowed.

The Jobber nearly wept aloud.

The ladies both looked rather cowed.

"You won't mind our talking shop, will you?" said The Engineer, coming gallantly to the rescue.

"We'd love it!" cried the ladies in unison. "Please don't stop for us."

The Engineer turned with a laugh to The Broker.

"What do you think of things now?" he demanded. "What price all your reorganisations and reconstructions, and writings-down? Why, the markets are quite good!"

"Which markets in particular?"

"Investment stocks, of course."

"And didn't I impress upon you," replied The Broker, with a sidelong glance at his wife (who pretended not to notice it), "didn't I impress upon—"

"Get off my foot, Brokie!"

"—you that investment stocks were above all others the things to have? So they still are, because of the Bank Rate and the Budget outlook."

"Who told you about the Home Railway business?" asked The City Editor curiously. "I mean, about the steps that were being taken behind the scenes to help the industry and the market?"

"You mean a fortnight ago?"

"Yes, just about the time the rise was getting into its stride. Where did you hear about what was coming?"

"Did you lay in any?" inquired The Broker.

"Not a bob's-worth. I—er—that is, not a hundred pounds' worth of stock."

"Then what on earth's the good of my giving you advance information? Besides, you pretended to know all about it yourself."

"Pretended, did you say, Sir?"

The Broker's Wife pointedly asked her husband how much stock he had bought for her, and the conversation languished a little. . . .

The Jobber said that, speaking for himself, he was thankful to see prices better again. "The everlasting fall was getting beyond a joke," he added.

"We began to think that all our shares were going through the floor," confessed his wife.

"Do you take an interest in stocks and shares?" and The City Editor laid the politest faint emphasis on the pronoun.

[Continued overleaf.]

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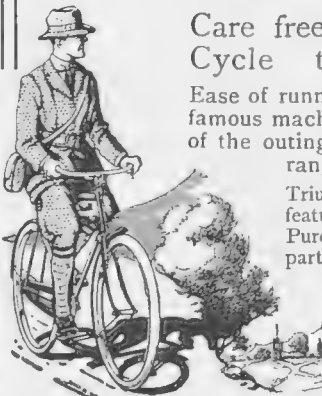
Sorelle Shaving Cream, 8/6; Shaving Soap Cream, 3/- and 5/6; Shaving Lotion, 8/6; Violetta, 21/6; Olivetta, 21/6; Hair Lotion, 5/6 and 10/6; Hair Tonic, 5/6 and 10/6; Brilliantine, 17/6; Solidified Brilliantine, 4/-; Caranthol, 11/6 and 21/-. Price List on Request.



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It is very popular at many well-known clubs. 84/- per doz. Sample ½ bottle 4/6 post paid.

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To such, the subtle perfection of flavour and fragrance that individualises the TONIDES Cigarette is particularly gratifying. There is no mistaking it—no equalling it—it is the finest achievement of a master cigarette maker, and the cherished knowledge of the discriminating smoker.

If you have not smoked a TONIDES, you might as well have lived with John o' Gaunt—you have not yet learned what Cigarette perfection means. But you have this advantage of the Duke—you can learn this new joy to-day.

Large Size Magnums.

2/6 for 25; 5/- for 50
10/- for 100

Wholesale price, 75/- per 1000

Tonides No. 2.

1/- for 10; 1/10 for 20
2/3 for 25; 4/6 for 50
9/- for 100

Wholesale price, 72/6 per 1000

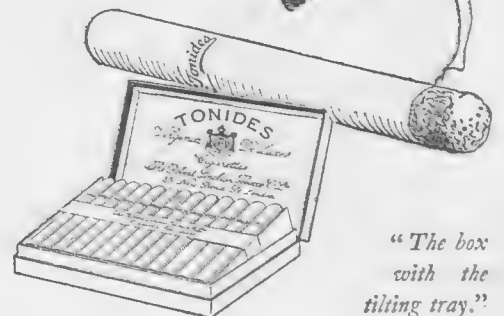


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CIGARETTES

The Robert Sinclair Tobacco Co., Ltd.
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"The box
with the
tilting tray."

Continued.]

"Of course I do," the lady answered gaily. "I like to see my Shells go up, and I've got a few perfectly decorous Preference shares. Only the Preferences always go down. Don't you think I ought to have some French premium bonds? They're cheap, aren't they?"

"For goodness' sake," cut in her husband, "don't encourage her in anything so rash. My life would be made a perfect misery when the drawings came round every six weeks or so."

"How do you find out whether your bond has drawn a prize?"

The Broker, appealed to, said that there were several news agencies up West who would take subscriptions to the French papers that published lists of drawings.

"How much does it cost?" The Engineer inquired.

"I know of one where they charge three-and-six a year. There are plenty of others though, and I think the scale varies a little according to the newspaper you choose."

"It must be fearfully exciting," said The Jobber's Wife.

"Our own Victory Bonds have a drawing every year at par," The City Editor remarked.

"There now! Isn't that just like you men! To you I suppose that a 'drawing every year at par' is as plain as Arnold Bennett. But to me it conveys as much as the word hydrostatics."

"I say!" exclaimed her husband. "That's a good one. What on earth does it mean? Is there an 'h' in it?"

The City Editor was explaining that once a year, in September, the Bank of England, or the British Government, drew the numbers at random of a certain amount of Victory Bonds. The holders of bonds bearing those numbers were paid off at £100 per £100 bond.

"What do you pay for the bonds now?"

"About 77."

"So that, if you have a lucky number, you get a profit of twenty-five pounds."

"No, dear; thirty-three, I make it."

"It's twenty-three, to be mathematically correct," cynicised The Broker.

"That's not so thrilling as to buy a Crédit National thing for nine or ten pounds and get a million francs prize next week."

The Jobber laughed. "With the French exchange so low, a million francs is hardly worth having," he told them.

"Isn't it? Well, it sounds a lot, anyway, and you don't have to risk so much money as you do in your old Victory Bonds. What do you think, dear?"

The Broker's Wife admitted that she wasn't much of a speculator.

"Perhaps I hear such a lot about it from my husband that it rather puts me off gambling on my own."

"I buy her Commonwealth Sixes and Crosse and Blackwell First Pref: and—"

"But surely all married women must be speculators at heart?" ventured The Engineer.

"Because marriage is a lottery?"

"Yes, and—I'm married myself, you know—Stock Exchange gambling is very much like matrimony."

"How ever do you make that out?"

"Well, both are—aren't they now?—the Triumph of Hope over Experience."

BREVITIES.

The City is not at all pleased at the action of the Government in refusing to promote further protective legislation on Business Rents. A meeting of the City Tenants' Defence Association was held to discuss the position, but we fear the ramp will be allowed to continue.

We have received a copy of "The Nation's Financial Outlook," by A. B. Thornton, F.S.I., and hope to have more to say about this interesting publication next week.

Harrods are to be congratulated on the surprisingly successful result of their issue of Preference shares. More attractive offers have recently failed to interest investors.

Gilt-edged securities continue to be the only really good section of the markets, and War Loan reached 87 again the other day. This is some six points above the lowest touched last year, and it is nearly twelve months since the quotation was so high.

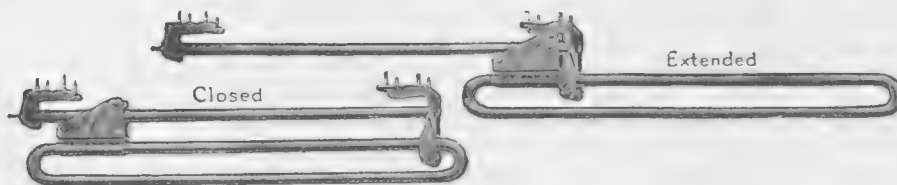
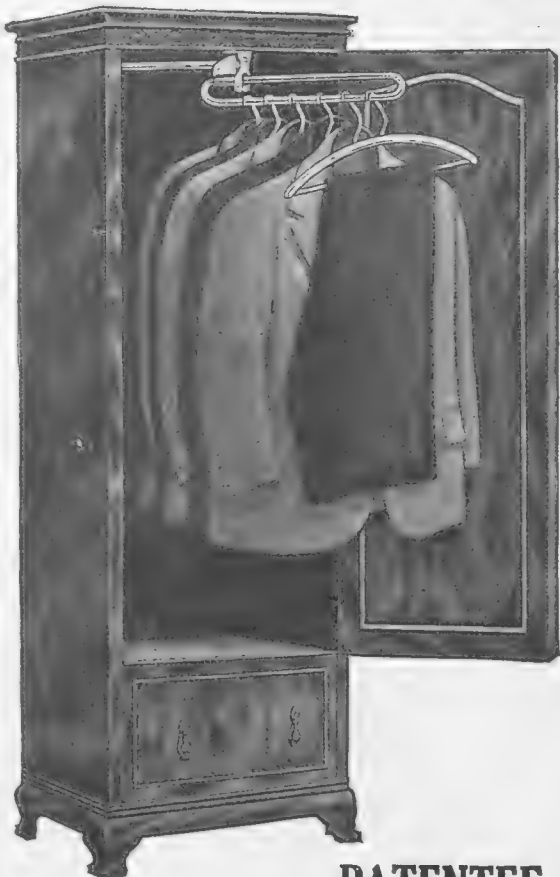
The agitation to revive fortnightly settlements and contangoes on the Stock Exchange is hardly likely to lead to much until the 1914 bull position is completely liquidated. On the whole, we think most brokers are very glad to have been on a cash basis for the last six months. There would have been a bunch of smashes otherwise.

"Old Moore's Almanac" predicts a shipping boom this month, but it hasn't started yet.

Investors in Mexican Eagles should not be frightened out of their holdings by the alarmist reports which are being circulated as to the early exhaustion of the Mexican fields.

Thursday, March 17, 1921.

WATTS'S PATENT WARDROBE FITTING



This Fitting trebles the capacity of your wardrobe.

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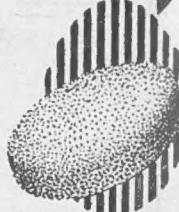


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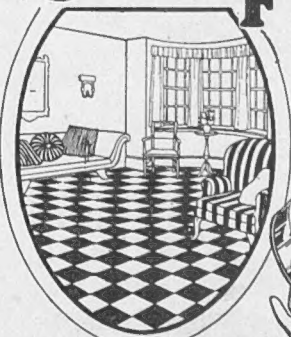
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